

The
TAILOR-MADE
GIRL



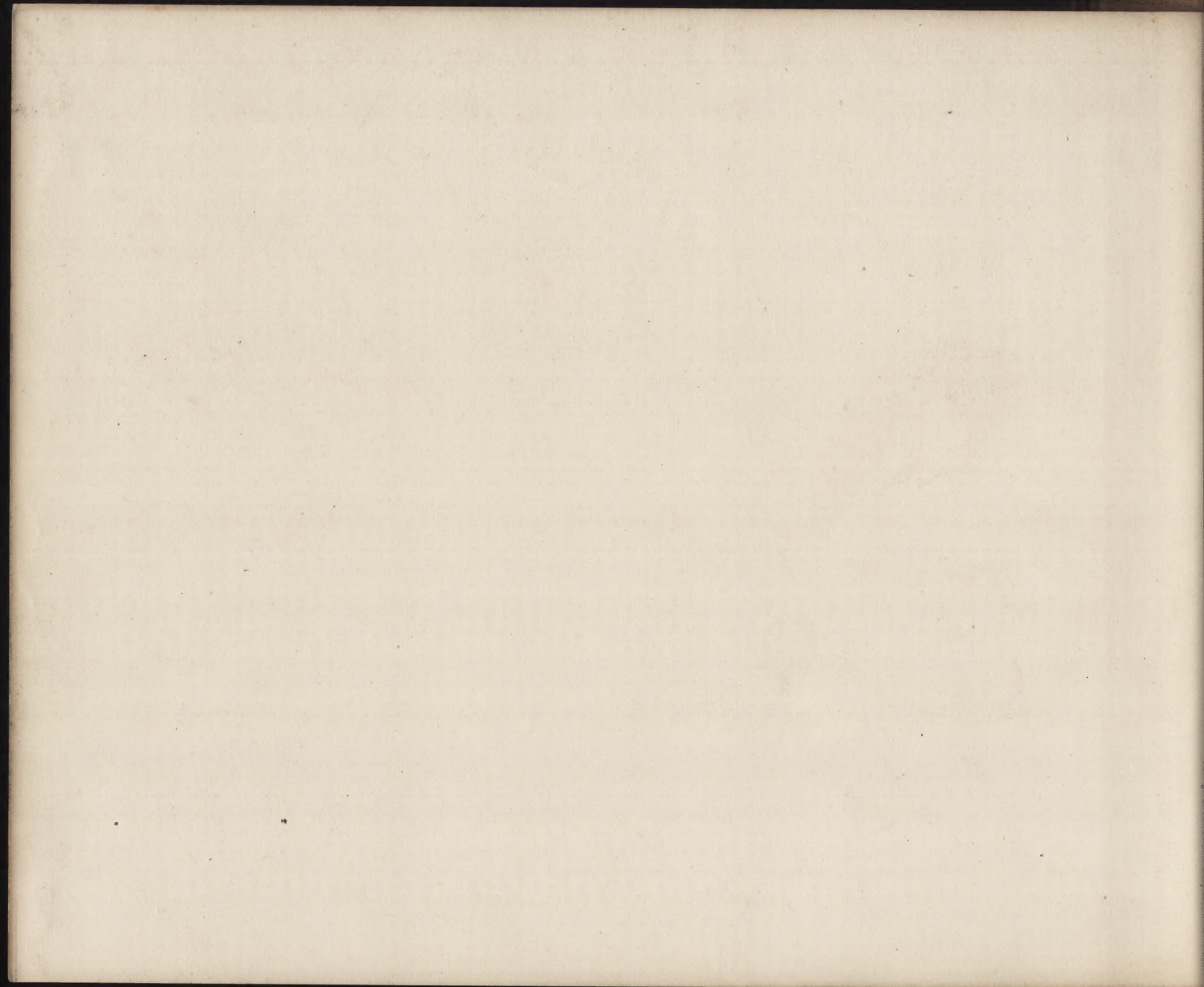
By
Philip H. Welch

With Illustrations by
C. Jay Taylor

40

J. H. Orland.

Art



The Tailor Made Girl



W. Delane
• Her friends •
• her fashions •
• and her follies •

By Philip H. Welch

*Illustrations by
C. Jay Taylor*

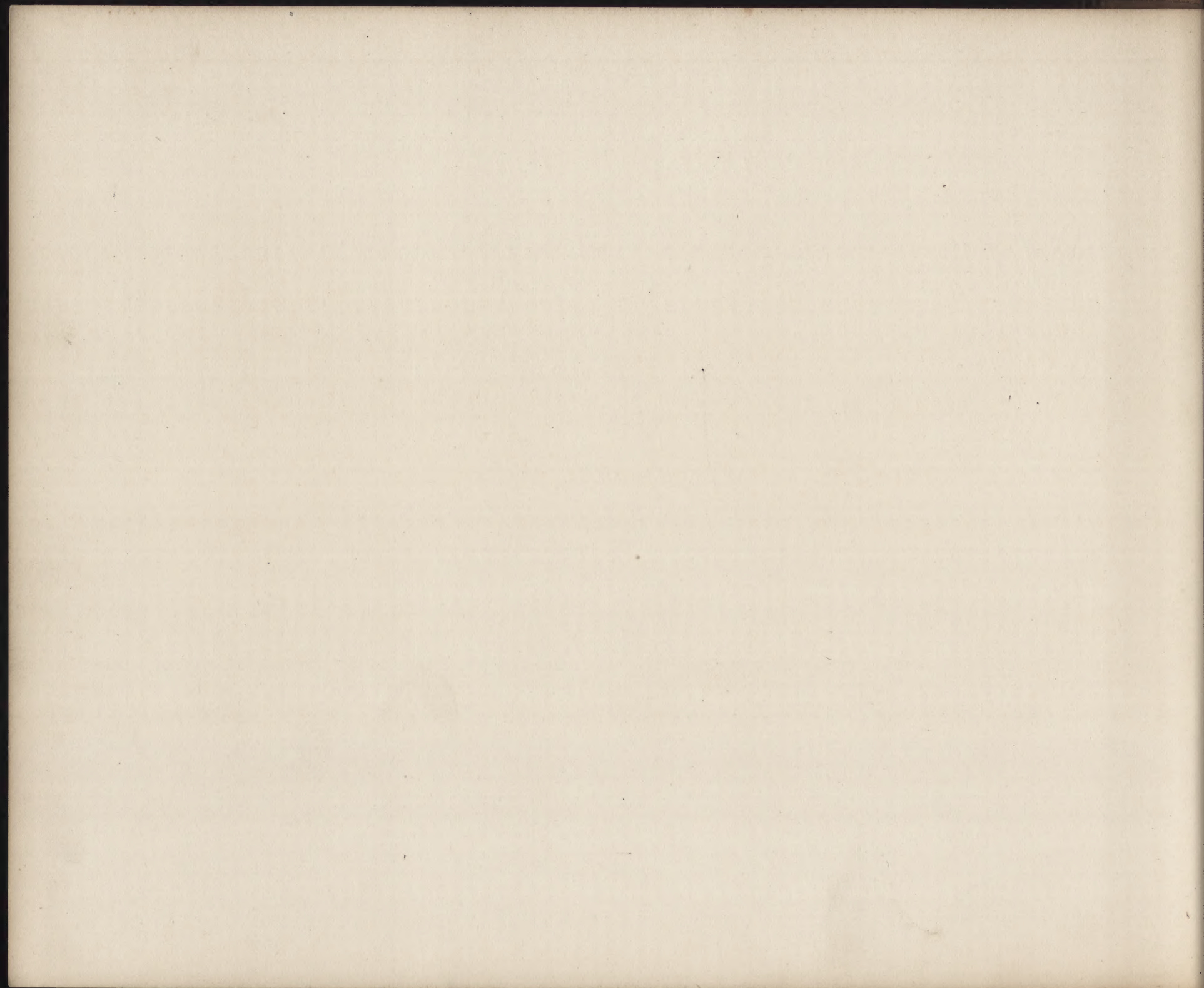
New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

Copyright, 1888, by
Charles Scribner's Sons

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Luncheon à la Femme</i>	2	<i>Herbert L. S. Montague Swell, M.D.</i>	28
<i>At an Organ Recital</i>	4	<i>A Duet</i>	30
<i>An Important Event</i>	6	<i>A Bad Cough</i>	32
<i>At a Church Wedding</i>	8	<i>A Cunarder Sails</i>	34
<i>Over an Ice</i>	10	<i>Around the Mabogany</i>	36
<i>A Morning Round</i>	12	<i>A Coming Event</i>	38
<i>At the End of the Season</i>	14	<i>Over the Breakfast Coffee</i>	40
<i>The Coming Generation</i>	16	<i>A Whist Party</i>	42
<i>At a Lenten Sewing Class</i>	18	<i>A Coaching Trip</i>	44
<i>A Conjugal Caucus</i>	20	<i>In the Country</i>	46
<i>Echoes from the Boxes</i>	22	<i>The First Ball</i>	48
<i>Mademoiselle Visits a Shoemaker</i>	24	<i>In an Art Gallery</i>	50
<i>An Evening Out</i>	26	<i>Les Misérables</i>	52



THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL.

LUNCHEON À LA FEMME.

TIME.—One o'clock P.M.—PLACE.—Fashionable Restaurant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. {
BROWN TAILOR-MADE GIRL.
GRAY TAILOR-MADE GIRL.
PATIENT WAITER.

[The young women being advantageously seated, extra wraps and bundles disposed of, PATIENT WAITER fills their glasses, and lays menu before them. Neither glances at it.]

BROWN TAILOR-MADE GIRL.—I declare, I didn't know I was so tired.

GRAY TAILOR-MADE GIRL.—Nor I. It's so horrid to match goods.

BROWN.—Dreadful. I'd rather buy material for three new dresses than renovate one old one.

GRAY.—So should I. I'm in such a quandary about that silk at Cash's. Did it seem to you to match at all?

[PATIENT WAITER goes off to seat a new-comer. A man.]

BROWN.—Why, I thought it was quite the nearest of any we have seen yet.

GRAY.—Did you, really? I am in such a dilemma about it, and I must send it down to Whalebone to-day, or she will disappoint me.

BROWN.—Yes, the wretch! How quickly she takes advantage of a little delay in that way!

GRAY.—Yes, indeed. She kept me waiting three weeks last winter, for a pink tulle, because I was one day late in sending word whether I wanted a pointed or square bodice.

[PATIENT WAITER, having taken man's order to the kitchen, returns.]

BROWN.—Well, I suppose we must have some luncheon. [Pulls menu toward her.] What do you want, Nell?

GRAY.—Oh, I don't know. What are you going to have?

BROWN.—I don't know. I am not very hungry.

GRAY.—Nor I. I breakfasted late, and don't feel as if I could eat a thing.

BROWN (pushing the card across the table).—Do pick out something, Nell. I can't.

GRAY.—Well, I can't, either. I never do know what to take.

[PATIENT WAITER retires and serves man's order. Then he returns.]

GRAY (still studying card).—Do you like oysters.

BROWN.—Not much. I get tired of them.

GRAY.—Well, I don't know but I do, too. At any rate, we won't take an oyster-stew, for they only serve crackers with that, and the bread here is just lovely.

BROWN.—Isn't it! I can make a lunch off their bread and butter.

[PATIENT WAITER shifts from the left to the right leg.]

GRAY.—How would a chicken-croquette go?

BROWN (not sure whether it's Dutch treat or not).—Oh, don't let's take croquettes. We'll be sure to have them to-night at the Millers'.

GRAY.—That's so. Oh, dear, what do I want? I believe I'll take some cream-hashed potatoes.

BROWN.—So will I—and we'll have a cup of chocolate.

GRAY.—Yes, that will do nicely. [To PATIENT WAITER.] Bring us two cream-hashed potatoes and two cups of chocolate.

PATIENT WAITER.—Yes, madam; and bread?

GRAY.—Of course, bread.

PATIENT WAITER.—Bread is only served with a meat order. Not with potatoes alone.

GRAY.—Oh, is that so? Then I don't care for potatoes.

BROWN.—Nor I, either. I do love the bread here.

GRAY (resuming her study of the card).—Oh, bother! let's take some consommé.

BROWN.—All right.

GRAY.—But we don't want chocolate with soup.

BROWN.—Oh, no.

GRAY.—Well, we won't take chocolate, then, but we can have some ice-cream afterward if we want it.

BROWN.—Very well.

GRAY (to PATIENT WAITER).—Bring two consommés.

[Three-quarters of an hour later.]

BROWN (finishing the last morsel of bread and a long story at the same moment).—And from that day to this I have never even bowed to her.

GRAY.—You did perfectly right. She was horridly rude—in her own house, too.

PATIENT WAITER (approaching for the tenth time).—Do you wish anything more?

BROWN (looking at her friend).—I really don't believe I care for anything more—the soup is so hearty.

GRAY.—Nor I, either. Besides, we must hurry.

[PATIENT WAITER vanishes and returns with the check, which he discreetly lays midway between the two.]

GRAY (buttoning her glove).—This is mine, Kate.

BROWN.—Oh, no, indeed, Nell. You must let me pay.

GRAY.—Not at all. You came out to shop with me.

BROWN.—Oh, you forget I have several errands of my own.

GRAY.—Oh, I really insist. [Finishes her glove and draws check over. It is forty cents, and she lays a half-dollar on the tray.] Are you sure you didn't want anything more?

BROWN.—Oh, no, indeed. I have eaten all I possibly could.

[PATIENT WAITER returns with two nickels and retires to a convenient distance.]

GRAY (pocketing the nickels).—Do you know, I think it's sort of fast for girls alone to fee waiters.

BROWN.—So do I. I rarely do.

GRAY.—Well, let us make haste. We really have no time to lose.

[Then the dear girls trot off to Cash's, and GRAY pays sixteen dollars the yard for trimming to renovate the old dress.]



AT AN ORGAN RECITAL.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Oh, these seats are lovely!

MISS SABLE.—Aren't they? We can see everybody.

MISS SEALSKIN.—How full the hall is!

MISS SABLE.—Oh, yes; it's the thing, you know.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Yes; I was awfully sorry I didn't come down to the first one. I dined at the Elliotts' that night, and they were all talking about it.

MISS SABLE.—I see lots of people who'll be at the Cadwallader dance to-night, so you'll be all right.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Yes, indeed! Rain, hail, and frost couldn't have kept me away this afternoon.

MISS SABLE.—There's Maud Mezzotone. She goes in for music, you know, and shows regularly at all these places.

MISS SEALSKIN.—And can't sing or play a note.

MISS SABLE.—Oh, no, indeed! I heard her going on the other evening to this very same organist who is playing now. She said: "I never play; I appreciate the lofty genius of the old masters far too much to attempt in my feeble way to interpret them." It was too touching to hear her.

MISS SEALSKIN.—What a humbug she is!

MISS SABLE.—Oh, frightful!

MISS SEALSKIN.—Oh, dear, I shall split my glove if I applaud any harder. It was a lovely thing, though.

MISS SABLE.—Just too sweet. Which is it on the programme?

MISS SEALSKIN.—The second, I think. This "Fugue" of Bach's.

MISS SABLE.—Oh, yes, I do so enjoy Bach's music.

MISS SEALSKIN.—So do I. What a funny-looking person this pianist is?

MISS SABLE.—Awful! Do look at his hands.

MISS SEALSKIN.—He is not a bit swell, is he? Some of them are.

MISS SABLE.—Yes, indeed! Do you remember Professor Capo?

MISS SEALSKIN.—Oh, yes! Wasn't he lovely?

MISS SABLE.—Perfectly so! Such exquisite teeth!

MISS SEALSKIN.—How long do you suppose this wretched creature is going to play?

MISS SABLE.—I'm sure I don't know. Have you got any nougat?

MISS SEALSKIN.—Yes; but dare we eat it? It's awfully vulgar to munch here.

MISS SABLE.—Put some in my muff, and I'll manage it with my handkerchief.

MISS SEALSKIN.—I'm just dying for some.

MISS SABLE.—It's awfully good. I just dote on almond nougat.

MISS SEALSKIN.—So do I. There, he is done at last. Why, how they do applaud! He must have played something.

MISS SABLE.—Let's see—oh, it's this "variation" of Beethoven's.

MISS SEALSKIN.—No, we were wrong before. That other piece wasn't the "Fugue." It was that Liszt "arrangement," and this is the "Symphonie."

MISS SABLE.—Oh, yes; I do believe this will be a recall.

MISS SEALSKIN.—It looks like it. There! I cannot clap any more.

MISS SABLE.—He's coming back. Don't look now, but Jack Meredith is directly across the hall from us.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Is he? Who's with him?

MISS SABLE.—A man I don't know—swell, too.

MISS SEALSKIN.—All Jack's friends are swell.

MISS SABLE.—He's awfully nice, too, I think. Did you ever notice what lovely ties he wears?

MISS SEALSKIN.—Yes; and what a lovely bow he makes. I just love to meet him on the avenue.

MISS SABLE.—He's talking to Mrs. De Twillenham.

MISS SEALSKIN.—I don't see how he can. I think her airs are detestable.

MISS SABLE.—So do I; but then you know she's a De Twillenham.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Yes, I know. She has begun her afternoons, you know.

MISS SABLE.—Oh, yes, indeed! We have cards. I shall show at about the third.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Mama has put the second down on her tablets, but I think I'll take the third, too.

MISS SABLE.—It's apt to be the most successful. Do look at that Robinson girl trying to catch her eye.

MISS SEALSKIN.—She toadies fearfully. Quick! Mrs. De Twillenham is looking this way. There! I'm awfully glad she bowed. See, the crowd all about her are looking to see who it was she recognized.

MISS SABLE.—The Robinson will be cold with envy.

MISS SEALSKIN.—She ought to be. Such crowding and pushing as she is making ought not to be encouraged.

MISS SABLE.—Yes, they're awfully common. Nell Gadabout said she took in one of their dinners, and they had stoppers in the carafes. Fancy decanted water!

MISS SEALSKIN.—Isn't that too absurd!

MISS SABLE.—Oh, here is the basso.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Rather good-looking, isn't he?

MISS SABLE.—Rather. I don't admire that sort of man, though. Mercy, what a voice!

MISS SEALSKIN.—Down in his boots, I should say.

MISS SABLE.—What is he singing? Oh, from the "Messiah." I hate oratorios.

MISS SEALSKIN.—So do I. They're too awfully severe, I think.

MISS SABLE.—Frightful. There's only one thing more. Let's go after this.

MISS SEALSKIN.—Very well. Mrs. De Twillenham is putting her wrap on.

MISS SABLE.—Yes; and Jack Meredith has taken his hat.

MISS SEALSKIN.—We'll just about meet them in the lobby.

MISS SABLE.—Oh, my dear Mrs. De Twillenham, how do you do? Good afternoon, Mr. Meredith. Hasn't this been a charming hour?

MISS SEALSKIN.—So restful and soothing. I have been in a perfect trance of dreamy enjoyment.



AN IMPORTANT EVENT.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Well, my dear, how d'ye do? I thought I'd run over and cheer you up a little for to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—You're ever so good. I'm awfully nervous.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, nonsense, you needn't be. How many bouquets so far?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Only eighteen.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—It's rather early yet—from five to seven you'll get plenty.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I do hope so. Clara Newcome said she had thirty-nine last week! I shall die of mortification if I don't have as many as that!

MISS THIRDSEASON.—You needn't worry! In any event, your début will be more brilliant than hers.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, do you think so?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes, indeed. It handicaps a girl fearfully to come out with an elder sister, not even engaged.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I suppose it does.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, my, yes! Then your family connection is so large. You'll have plenty of dinners, teas, and routs given for you, and that brings the men to the coming-out party, you know.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Does it?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes, indeed. They'll be out in full force to-night. On general principles, a girl's début is apt to be successful. You see the girls all come to talk sweet to you, to size you up, as the men say, and the married belles come and pet you to discover how dangerous you're going to be, and, with the male contingent you're sure to have, there's really nothing to fear to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—You quite reassure me.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—You'll wear white, of course?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes. White tulle and lilies of the valley. Simple, you know, but just too sweet for any use.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—I suppose so. That's your rôle just now—sweet simplicity. By the way, are you going in for anything?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Going in for anything?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes; are you going to be horsey or musical or literary or athletic or æsthetic, or any of that sort of thing?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, I don't know. Ought I?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Well, no; I don't believe I would. I did, but not for long. Dickey Hunt was leading all the Germans when I came out, and he was the best *parti* of the winter, so I went in for dancing. He married Nell Carew at Easter; and, at any rate, it's too warm in the spring season to dance much, so I rather dropped any speciality.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I just love to dance.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Yes, I know; "buds" all dote on dancing—it's

when you get along in your second season that you like to "sit it out" on the stairs and look down at the dancers and sigh a little, and remember when you were as enthusiastic as "those happy girls inside." That's awfully taking.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—To whom?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, you goosey. To the man who is sitting it out with you, of course.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes. But about going in for something—you really don't think you would, then?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, no; not this year, anyway. There don't seem to be as many sets as there used to be. You have to know everything a little, nowadays, and nothing very well.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—That's a comfort.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Isn't it! Why, I talked half an hour the other evening on *chiar' oscuro*, and I can't even spell the word.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—How ever did you do it?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, I let him talk and tell me all about it, just listening, you know, in an awfully interested little way, and occasionally making a comment or asking a question that I stole directly from him.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—But didn't he suspect you?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Not he, indeed! He told Pinkie Talbot the same evening he was surprised at my thorough knowledge of the technique of art. That is our compensation.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—What?

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, to get on, you know, and impress the men on so little capital. But I really must go.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, don't yet. I've lots to ask you. Do you know I'm afraid I shan't know what to talk about to-night.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, yes, you will. Did you see the Greek play?

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—No.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Oh, well, that's old, at any rate, but you'll find plenty to say in answering compliments, and that sort of thing.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, I hope so.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Well, good-by. Oh, do you know I've got an awfully fetching new gown, but I'm going to be magnanimous, and not wear it to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—You're awfully good.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Am I not? And now, really, good-by. I'll see you to-night.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes. Well, good-by, if you must go.

MISS THIRDSEASON.—Good-by. It's awfully comfortable to have the worry all over and be engaged.

MISS DÉBUTANTE.—I suppose so. Good-by.



AT A CHURCH WEDDING.

[*Whispering in the pews while waiting for the bride.*]

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—What a stupid usher, poking us in here with these frumps!

MISS POMPON.—My dress will be ruined—and I can't see a thing.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—There's very little floral decoration.

MISS POMPON.—And only one clergyman in the chancel.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Is that so? I felt sure Nell would have an "assisted" ceremony.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, I expected at least one Bishop. Nell has been so awfully High, lately.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Yes, it's been quite amusing, hasn't it?

MISS POMPON.—Particularly when one remembers she was so Low a year ago she didn't even bow her head in the creed.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Oh, that was when she was after that young Presbyterian swell, you know, who married Kitty Foster.

MISS POMPON.—Have you seen the presents?

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Oh, yes. Some quite pretty.

MISS POMPON.—Ye-es: the groom's is nothing much.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—A pearl cross—quite churchy and touching.

MISS POMPON.—Very small pearls; I thought it quite a skimpy affair.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—It was really rich, do you know, to hear Mrs. Carlton go on.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, I suppose so.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—The day I was over there she came in with such an air. "Eleanor, my dear," she said, "don't fatigue yourself over that embroidery." Then she turned to me: "She has so much before her, you know; to-night is the church rehearsal, and afterward Mrs. Clarke gives a supper to the bridal-party." All with such delicious complacency!

MISS POMPON.—Oh, the entire family have acted as if no one was ever married before.

GROOM'S MOTHER (*raising her eyeglass*).—My dear, is that young man over there in naval uniform?

GROOM'S FATHER.—Well, yes, he is an ensign.

GROOM'S MOTHER (*with crushing sweetness*).—Dear Mrs. Carlton has talked so much about their relatives in the Navy. He must be them—I don't see any others.

GROOM'S SISTER (*married*).—Mama, I don't think Lander is to play to-night at the house.

GROOM'S MOTHER (*sharply*).—Why?

SISTER.—I asked Nell, to-day, how many of Lander's men would be there, and she was quite embarrassed; said she didn't know, as "Papa arranged all that."

GROOM'S MOTHER.—I shall be mortified to death. The least they can do, marrying their daughter as brilliantly as they are, is to give her a perfectly appointed wedding.

GROOM'S SISTER (*unmarried*).—Mama, this is Nelly's fourth season. Edith Connor told me so yesterday. She came out the same autumn with Edith's sister, Mrs. Jarvis, you know.

GROOM'S MOTHER.—Oh, I don't doubt it; but, of course, you spoke of her having been a year abroad, and a year in mourning?

GROOM'S SISTER (*unmarried*).—Oh, yes, indeed. I quite snubbed Edith.

BRIDE'S MOTHER.—Now, Mr. Carlton, don't fail to be on the watch when the minister asks, "Who giveth this woman?" You must step right forward, and *don't* tread on Nelly's train.

BRIDE'S FATHER.—I wish the dayvilish fuss was over. Did you tell the caterer that untouched pieces were to be returned and allowed for?

BRIDE'S MOTHER.—No; I did not. Blank never serves in that way, and if I had to have second-class music I was bound to have Blank cater. Those Clarkes are so supercilious; they'll be sure to discover that Lander isn't playing.

BRIDE'S FATHER.—Blankety blank the whole lot! I'm paying the shot, not old Clarke. I wish he was!

ORGANIST (*to FRIEND in loft*).—What time is it?

FRIEND.—8.35

ORGANIST.—My contract was from 7.30 to 8.30—it'll cost just about ten dollars more to keep me here another quarter of an hour.

BRIDE (*in lobby, to SISTER, who is maid of honor*).—Is the church packed? I hope so. Tell the ushers to be sure and walk slow enough. Now, Elizabeth, if you don't keep step with me I'll give my old black velvet to Kate. Pull the lace out on my train to show the pattern a little better. Are you sure the pillow at the altar is just in the right place? Signal that organist to begin the wedding-march. Is dear Mother Clarke safe in her place? Stingy old thing, she'll be furious when she sees I didn't wear the skimpy little lace flounce, "the one, my dear, I wore on my wedding-day." A pretty bride she must have been. Wait a minute till I get my face straight. There! am I looking down enough? Come on, real slow, and *do do do* keep step.

MINISTER (*to slow music*).—Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.



OVER AN ICE.

[There is a hospitality in gracious acceptance as well as in kindly bestowal.—ANON.]

MR. DE LYLE.—Quite a splendid affair, Miss Pompon!

MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mr. De Lyle, you are really quite too awfully funny.

MR. DE LYLE.—No, now, really, you know, 'pon honor!

MISS POMPON.—You mean, possibly, quite splendid from the Hobsonby side.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, now, really, Miss Pompon, you are quite too awfully sarcastic.

MISS POMPON.—It is really quite too amusing to see Mrs. Hobsonby beam.

MR. DE LYLE.—Her face certainly shines, but I fahncied—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, you are really quite too funny—

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, no, 'pon honor—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, but you really are. I don't wonder she's warm, though, in that velvet gown.

MR. DE LYLE.—Yes, royal purple, too. Do you know I really think the poor soul wanted to wear a crown, too.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mr. De Lyle, don't, please; I shall certainly choke.

MR. DE LYLE.—No, really, now, 'pon honor—

MISS POMPON.—Just fahncy, you know, a crown surmounting that wonderful coiffure—

MR. DE LYLE.—Really, I think it would quite cap the climax.

MISS POMPON.—Be quite a crowning feat.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, come, now, Miss Pompon, I hardly thought *that* of you, you know.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, it is all really quite too amusing.

MR. DE LYLE.—Do have another ice, Miss Pompon.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, thanks awfully.

MR. DE LYLE.—Do you know I don't think Hobsonby looks what you might call happy—

MISS POMPON.—No, he seems quite out of his element.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, Miss Pompon, really now—oh, come now—this is too much—

MISS POMPON.—Why, what did I say?

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, really now, you know—why you know he made all his money in fish.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, you don't say so; and I said he was quite out of his element—

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, really, this is quite too awfully absurd—

MISS POMPON.—Isn't it all quite too amusing?

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, I say, Miss Pompon—

MISS POMPON.—Now, Mr. De Lyle, don't be quite too awfully funny—

MR. DE LYLE.—No, 'pon honor; but I say—we ought to have plenty of good terrapin for supper—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mr. De Lyle, where is my fan? I shall certainly need reviving—

MR. DE LYLE.—You see, he can get it at wholesale, you know—

MISS POMPON.—Oh, you are really such a wit!

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, I say, Miss Pompon; have you noticed the pictures in the room over there?

MISS POMPON.—Yes. I didn't see any Corots or Meissoniers.

MR. DE LYLE.—No?

MISS POMPON.—The pictures looked as if they were done by the yard you know, and cut off.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, really, you are so awfully clever, you know.

MISS POMPON.—There's a picture of Miss Hobsonby in the library, done in oil.

MR. DE LYLE.—Like a sardine, you know.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, really, now, you know, Mr. De Lyle, if you talk like that, I shall make you go and dance with her.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, Miss Pompon, that penance would be quite too dreadful.

MISS POMPON.—Do you stay for the *cotillon*?

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, no, indeed!

MISS POMPON.—Nor we. We go directly after supper.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, so do I, you know.

MISS POMPON.—I told mama it was quite too much to expect us to stay for the *cotillon*.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, quite, you know. Supper must be served by now; may I—

MISS POMPON.—Yes, you may take me down, and remember, Mr. De Lyle, you are not to be quite so awfully funny.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, no, 'pon honor—

[An hour and a half later, the twain, emerging, encounter their hostess.]

MISS POMPON.—Oh, Mrs. Hobsonby, your ball has been *such* a success. You are really quite to be congratulated, you know.

MR. DE LYLE.—Oh, yes, it is really quite too nice, altogether.



A MORNING ROUND.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL (*a society matron, entering her carriage*).—You are ten minutes late, James. This must not happen again. Klunder's first.

JAMES (*touching his hat*).—Yes, ma'am.

MISS CARLTON-PELL (*daughter of society matron*).—Marie says that James's wife is very sick.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Yes; I heard something of it. This is the second time James has been tardy in a week. I shall discharge him if it occurs again.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—What are you going to do at Klunder's?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—I want to order a basket of roses sent to Mrs. Connaissanceur. She is not very well.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Why, she was at the Van Renwick dinner two nights ago.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Yes, I know; but she is enough indisposed to warrant the attention, and I want some of her pictures for our Loan Exhibition.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Oh, I see. A wheel within a wheel.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Of course. You don't suppose, my dear, I would send that tiresome woman twenty-five dollars' worth of flowers otherwise, do you?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Oh, here is Plush & Satin's. Sit out, if you like; I shan't be long.

MISS CARLTON-PELL (*ten minutes later*).—Why, mama, you look quite flustered.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Such impertinence! I ordered some heliotrope satin sent Monday to Whalebone, and it was quite two shades lighter than my velvet she is making.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Well?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Well, I went just now to change it, and the forward young woman insisted that I had selected that particular piece.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—How absurd!

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Perfectly so! She even said that I had been undecided Monday, and had remarked it was so difficult to carry a shade in one's eye.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—What did you say?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Oh, I simply looked her over with my eyeglass. Then I said: "You will cut off a yard and a quarter from the piece I did select and send it at once"—and came out.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Do you believe she will?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Indeed she will! And I hope she will have to rectify the blunder from her wages; she was so impertinent.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Yes, indeed!

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—I was very forbearing in the matter, for a word to the floor-walker would have procured her instant dismissal. Plush & Satin are too politic to have any difficulty with me.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Where do we go now?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—I want to show for five minutes at a business meeting of the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Shop Girls.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Long enough to leave a subscription, I suppose?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—No, indeed! They use my name at the head of their list of directors, which is quite enough.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Your five minutes were nearly ten, mama. Did I hear you tell James to drive to Tiffany's?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Yes; I want to order that set of champagnes for Edith Sanger.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—I thought you did.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—No; I looked at them, but they are rather expensive—eighty-five dollars—and I wanted to find out, if possible, what the Tolcotts would give.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Did you?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Yes; a pair of Sèvres plates. That decided me.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—It would never do to let their present rank yours.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Of course not. By the way, while we are out, your father wants me to select a wedding-gift for one of his book-keepers.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—What do you suppose such people want?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Oh, I don't know. I shall not give much thought to it. A syrup-jug, or a butter-dish, perhaps.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—But suppose they should not be going to set up housekeeping?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Well, they ought; it is much more sensible.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Now, we must drive up to the Orphanage. As head of the Board of House Managers I must stop the leakage going on in the Commissary Department.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Who is wasteful?

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—That matron. I have no confidence in her. Her report shows an excess of one and a half pounds of sugar over last month.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—Why, mama, I thought you considered Miss Kendall a paragon of excellence!

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Miss Kendall wasn't appointed. Mrs. Van Courtland got her protégée, that silly little widow, in the place.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—You give so much time to it I should think you ought to have your wishes consulted.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—They understand now that I must have my wishes consulted. Mrs. Van Courtland presumes too much on her five-hundred-dollar New-Year's donation.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—And you sent two great bundles of the children's outgrown clothing at Christmas!

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Yes; and disposed of boxes for the concert from my house. It's the way of the world, my dear—quiet, unostentatious work is seldom appreciated.

MRS. CARLTON-PELL.—Home, James! I'm quite fagged with all I've accomplished this morning.

MISS CARLTON-PELL.—I believe, mama, you may drop me at Kitty's. I want to tell her that I've been asked to stand with Clara; she was so hoping that she would be, you know.



AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

Blessed is he who hath found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose ; he has found it and will follow it.—CARLYLE.

FAN.—Oh, Nan, how do you do ?

NAN.—Do ? I don't do at all. I am just worn out.

FAN.—So am I. I haven't energy enough to tell the truth.

NAN.—And it is so much easier to fib, isn't it ?

FAN.—Oh, infinitely. But, really, I can hardly wait for Ash Wednesday.

NAN.—Nor I. I tell mama I shall sleep for a straight week from Mardi Gras.

FAN.—I wish I could, but I've got to do some church-going.

NAN.—It's just lovely to be a Presbyterian through Lent.

FAN.—It must be. I envy you. Mama and I, though, are going down to Old Point almost directly.

NAN.—And you don't have to be anything there but lazy. How wise you are !

FAN.—Aren't we ? It is a case of necessity. I take my own maid now to all the balls, and she just keeps me through the evening on sherry and quinine.

NAN.—I live on beef-tea and massage.

FAN.—Oh, I'm quite beyond those.

NAN.—Isn't it just dreadful the way we are worked ?

FAN.—Perfectly ! I mustn't stay gossiping with you another moment. I have to finish my shopping yet, and hurry home to luncheon, and this afternoon I show at four receptions, dine at the Merediths', and go with them to the opera, and finish the night at the Hillhouse german.

NAN.—So do I—everything except the dinner, and we entertain at home. Come and see me when you can.

FAN.—Thanks. I'll try.

NAN.—Don't come before twelve. I am not at home to my maid, even, till eleven. Good-by.

FAN.—Good-by.

* * *

MRS. B.—Oh, my dear Mrs. X., do sit down quietly by me a moment.

MRS. X.—With the greatest pleasure. In these crowded rooms a secluded nook like this is a positive boon.

MRS. B.—Isn't it ?—particularly at this end of the season. I am thoroughly fagged.

MRS. X.—So am I, completely. I tell Mr. X. nothing but an ocean trip will revive me this Lent.

MRS. B.—Do you think you will go over ?

MRS. X.—Not over, but down. To Nassau, probably.

MRS. B.—Anywhere, to rest. I tell Mr. B. when one's visiting list is as large as mine, it really needs the strength of a Hercules to keep up with the round.

MRS. X.—Doesn't it ? Mrs. Y. said to me the other day : "Wait till your daughter grows up, and then you'll know what a real winter's work is."

MRS. B.—Poor Mrs. Y. ! I can fancy she finds it dreadfully fatiguing to chaperon her dear Belle.

MRS. X.—Can you not ? I smiled to myself when I told her that she ought to be contented now to shine in her daughter's reflected light.

MRS. B.—You were really too unkind. The poor woman would sit in the darkness of Erebus.

MRS. X.—Poor Belle ! The season has been wasted for her.

MRS. B.—Worse than wasted, for it counts one more.

MRS. X.—Yes, indeed ! But I must leave you. I see Mrs. Z. in the tea-room, and I want to speak to her. We play together to-morrow night, you know.

MRS. B.—Oh, yes, I'm coming, if I'm alive.

MRS. X.—It's a very worthy charity, I believe. I've forgotten just which one it is we play for to-morrow night, but I know it deserves to be sustained.

MRS. B.—I don't doubt it. Good-by.

MRS. X.—Good-by.

* * *

SAUNDERS.—Hello, Flaunders, which way ?

FLAUNDERS.—Oh, to one of those blankety blank teas, third this week.

SAUNDERS.—Gawd ! one used me up.

FLAUNDERS.—Don't wonder ! Beastly bores !

SAUNDERS.—Ya'as ; the whole business is.

FLAUNDERS.—Deuced good thing Lent calls a halt.

SAUNDERS.—Gawd ! I'm all played out.

FLAUNDERS.—Ditto. A german now knocks me endwise.

SAUNDERS.—Gawd ! My man groomed me an hour after the last one.

FLAUNDERS.—Dessay.

SAUNDERS.—Have a B. & S. ?

FLAUNDERS.—Just had two.

SAUNDERS.—So have I. Have another !

FLAUNDERS.—I'll go you !



THE COMING GENERATION.

*Come to me, O ye children, and whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing in your sunny atmosphere.*—LONGFELLOW.

ISABEL (*aged ten*).—Oh, wait, Edith; we're going to the park, too!

EDITH (*aged the same*).—Hurry, then! Marie is so nasty. She keeps saying: "*Dépêchez-vous, dépêchez-vous!*"

ISABEL.—Oh, never mind her. I don't bother with Mathilde. Mama says I needn't, if I only speak French with her.

EDITH.—Yes, I know. Mama says it is so necessary to get the accent. I wonder why?

ISABEL.—Oh, because we'll grow up by and by, and come out, you know, and then we are in society.

EDITH.—Sister May is out now, and goes to parties every night, and gets bouquets.

ISABEL.—So does my Cousin Eleanor, and lots of men come to see her; and I heard Aunt Kate say they were "detrimentals," too, every one of them.

EDITH.—Well, mama told papa at breakfast this morning that at the ball last night Sister May had plenty of partners, and there wasn't an "eligible" among them. Mustn't that be nice?

ISABEL.—What?

EDITH.—To have all the "eligibles" out of the way. I suppose they are not at all nice.

ISABEL.—Yes; like that Harry Graham at dancing school, that mama says I mustn't dance with, for his family doesn't belong to our set.

EDITH.—Well, I don't care; he dances better than Jack Smith.

ISABEL.—Oh, but you know, Edith, Jack's papa has got lots and lots of money—trillions, I guess; and they live in a lovely house on Madison Avenue.

EDITH.—Well, Jack can't dance as well as Harry.

ISABEL.—But it really isn't proper to dance with Harry; mama says so. Don't you want to be proper?

EDITH.—I don't know.

ISABEL.—Besides they don't keep a carriage—and perhaps his mama isn't a lady, you know.

EDITH.—I know how we can tell.

ISABEL.—How?

EDITH.—We'll ask Harry if she's got a camel's-hair shawl; because mama says that no real lady can be without one.

ISABEL.—My mama has two.

EDITH.—So has mine; so they are surely real ladies, aren't they?

ISABEL.—Oh, my, yes, you know; because we have a box at the opera, too.

EDITH.—So have we; and, Isabel, they're not real boxes with covers, you know, but nice little places where the best people sit; mama says so.

ISABEL.—Yes, and they're up high; and I asked mama if that was to see better, and papa said, "No, to be seen better;" and mama laughed and said something in French, and I can't understand mama's French. It isn't at all like Mathilde's.

EDITH.—Why, of course not. Mathilde is only a servant, you know. Your mama wouldn't talk like a servant.

ISABEL.—Oh, no, indeed; for the other day she and Aunt Kate were laughing about a Mrs. Brown, and mama said: "She talks like a servant, with her ma'ams and sirs;" and then they both laughed, and Aunt Kate said she was awfully common.

EDITH.—There's Gracie Wilmot. Let's go play with her.

ISABEL.—Oh, no, I wouldn't. Her *bonne* isn't French.

EDITH.—Well, she goes to our church.

ISABEL.—Yes; but they don't sit in the middle aisle.

EDITH.—That's so, for mama told Sister May the Wilmots would never get into society through coming into our church, for they were out of the middle aisle.

ISABEL.—I don't suppose the other people will go to heaven at all, do you?

EDITH.—I don't know—but the minister only preaches to us in the middle aisle, for I've watched him lots of times. Isn't our rector just lovely?

ISABEL.—Yes; he eats dinner with us nearly every Sunday.

EDITH.—Well, he comes to our house for five o'clock tea, lots of Sundays, too.

ISABEL.—Brother Tom says he's "an awful cad." What do you suppose that means?

EDITH.—I don't know.

ISABEL.—I asked Mathilde, and she didn't know.

EDITH.—Perhaps it means he has to eat a great deal, because he does, you know.

ISABEL.—Yes; I heard papa say he "hankered after the flesh-pots;" and I asked him what that meant, and he said that Mr. Ritual liked salad and terrapin.

EDITH.—Oh, Marie is calling me! I've got to go.

ISABEL.—Good-bye; come out to-morrow.

EDITH.—Yes; mama says she likes me to play with you, and that Marie and Mathilde look so nice together.

ISABEL.—I suppose because they are both French.

EDITH.—Oh, no; because they both wear real lace on their caps. She told Sister May so. Good-bye.



AT A LENTEN SEWING CLASS.

EDITH.—Why, this is a surprise! You haven't been for three meetings!

ARABELLA.—I know, and I quite thought I couldn't come to-day.

EDITH.—What was the matter?

ARABELLA.—I mislaid my thimble, and we had such a time finding it.

EDITH.—How provoking!

ARABELLA.—Yes, for there wasn't another gold thimble in the house except a couple of mama's, and they are inches too large.

EDITH.—Oh, you could never have come!

ARABELLA.—It would have been too aggravating, for I particularly wanted to come this meeting.

EDITH.—Why? It's an off-day, you know.

ARABELLA.—I know, and that's the reason; for I heard Nell Knickerbocker said I only come on the days the men are asked to drop in.

EDITH.—How spiteful! She needn't think they "drop in" to see her.

ARABELLA.—No, indeed! Why, at the Elliott german, just before Lent, she was only taken out twice.

EDITH.—Fancy!

ARABELLA.—I should die of mortification!

EDITH.—And I. Do you know I am quite too provoked this afternoon?

ARABELLA.—Do tell me about it.

EDITH.—Why, Mrs. Talcott has given me this horrid canton flannel to sew on again; the white fuzz just covers my dress.

ARABELLA.—Why didn't you object?

EDITH.—I did, and she said there was only that work left, and suggested a larger apron.

ARABELLA.—As if we were waitresses!

EDITH.—Yes, just fancy! I am not at all fond of Madam T., by the way.

ARABELLA.—Nor I. She says such pointed, disagreeable things.

EDITH.—I only joined her class because mama worked so hard to get me in.

ARABELLA.—It's really awfully swell, you know.

EDITH.—Yes; but they have plenty more fun at Mrs. Highchurch's.

ARABELLA.—Yes; and you might say they are just a lot of nobodies.

EDITH.—They are embroidering vestments, too; much nicer work than this nasty fuzzy canton flannel.

ARABELLA.—We are going to begin altar-cloths next meeting.

EDITH.—The men go there every time.

ARABELLA.—Of course, that's a great deal; still, Mrs. Talcott says it's vulgar not to be able to do anything without the men.

EDITH.—She didn't think so last Lent, before her daughter caught Fred Noodle.

ARABELLA.—No, indeed; they were asked every evening.

EDITH.—Well, Friday is a gala day. I've got an awfully fetching little châtelaine, with hanging ribbons that hold thimble, scissors, and emery cases, and a tiny needle-book.

ARABELLA.—How lovely! You should see my new apron; it is trimmed with valenciennes and heliotrope feather-edge rosettes—awfully Frenchy!

EDITH.—I want to see it. Oh, horrors! Mrs. Talcott is going to read; we'll have a dose of Shelley. She always reads Shelley.

ARABELLA.—How tiresome! I really thought she would be read out by this.

* * *

EDITH.—What an exquisite thing!

ARABELLA.—It is such a treat to hear you read, dear Mrs. Talcott!

* * *

EDITH.—What a hideous gown the Forsythe has on!

ARABELLA.—That is one of her "effects." I've heard her say one is nothing nowadays if not bizarre.

EDITH.—She gives herself such airs.

ARABELLA.—Yes; and they are awfully new people, too. Quite the only detrimental in the class.

EDITH.—Yes; mama says at the first luncheon she encountered Mrs. Forsythe she called for sugar and cream for her bouillon, mistaking it for tea!

ARABELLA.—Oh, fancy, how dreadful!

* * *

ARABELLA.—Will this interminable seam never be done? How I hate to sew!

EDITH.—I never do—except here.

ARABELLA.—Have you the faintest idea for what or whom these garments are put together?

EDITH.—Oh, not the slightest.

ARABELLA.—Nor I. Isn't it dull? Can't we go?

EDITH.—Yes; I want to go down to Marshmallows and get some Jordan almonds to munch in church. Come with me.

ARABELLA.—I don't know about the almonds. I'm trying to get on with very, very few bonbons this Lent.

EDITH.—Oh, I'll only get a few.

ARABELLA.—I've done ever so well. I had a five-pound box at Ash Wednesday, and one at Mi-Carême, and none between.

EDITH.—You deserve an indulgence to-day, then.

ARABELLA.—But this wretched seam isn't finished.

EDITH.—That doesn't matter. Take it home and let the seamstress do it.

ARABELLA.—What a lovely suggestion!

* * *

EDITH.—So sorry, dear Mrs. Talcott, to leave so early, but I have an errand to do before five o'clock service.

ARABELLA.—And I must go, too, Mrs. Talcott. But I do so want to finish this piece of work. Do allow me to take it home and complete it!



A CONJUGAL CAUCUS.

(“From the cool cisterns of the midnight air My spirit drank repose.”—Hymn to the Night—LONGFELLOW.)

MRS. THOMPSON.—Are you asleep, Mr. T.?
MR. THOMPSON (*hesitatingly*).—N—no.
MRS. T.—Professor Catgut's bill for Arabella's first quarter—
MR. T.—Humph! How much?
MRS. T.—Why, my dear, you know his terms as well as I. Sixty dollars for twelve lessons.
MR. T.—The dev—deuce, I mean! It's the first I heard of it.
MRS. T.—Oh, you've forgotten. I told you all about it.
MR. T.—You told me a while ago that you wanted Belle to brush up her music a little.
MRS. T.—Yes; and you said very well.
MR. T.—And on the strength of that you engage a professor at five dollars a lesson! Why, Maria, you'll drive me to the poor-house!
MRS. T.—I've heard that before.
MR. T.—And I never see Belle open the piano, either.
MRS. T.—It isn't the piano; it's the violin.
MR. T.—Violin!!!
MRS. T. (*calmly*).—Yes; don't rouse the household. The piano is so very common.
MR. T.—Indeed!
MRS. T.—Yes; it is so much more effective to have some unique musical accomplishment—like playing the violin, zither, or banjo.
MR. T.—Banjo! Good gracious! I suppose I ought to be grateful for the violin if it has saved me from the banjo.
MRS. T.—I thought seriously of the banjo, but Arabella's arm is so lovely I decided in favor of the violin.
MR. T.—Well, it strikes me Belle shows her arm enough every night, without going to an expense of sixty dollars to further display it.
MRS. T.—Oh, you don't understand.
MR. T.—No; I only pay.
MRS. T.—And while we are on the subject of money—
MR. T.—I don't know when we're off—
MRS. T.—I really think you might increase Howard's allowance.
MR. T.—Well, now, I like that! He has two thousand five hundred dollars a year, and lives at home.
MRS. T.—I know; and it has done very well so far.
MR. T.—Oh, has it?
MRS. T.—But this summer he wants to play polo at Newport.
MR. T.—Oh, does he?
MRS. T.—Yes; he is a great expert now.
MR. T.—Oh, is he?
MRS. T.—And he wants his own ponies.
MR. T.—Oh, does he?
MRS. T.—I think (*sobs*) you are very unkind (*sobs*) to talk in that way (*sobs*). You have no interest (*sobs*) in the welfare and happiness (*sobs*) of your children.

MR. T.—It looks as if I hadn't, indeed, to keep them in the luxury and idleness in which they are living.
MRS. T. (*still tearful*).—Well, what can you expect?
MR. T.—I wasn't brought up so. I worked hard for my daily bread.
MRS. T.—You hadn't a rich father.
MR. T. (*with grim humor*).—That's so! Perhaps it isn't their fault.
MRS. T.—You see the children have got to live up to their station.
MR. T.—Humph!
MRS. T.—A sort of *noblesse oblige*.
MR. T.—Stick to English, my dear, I catch your meaning quicker.
MRS. T.—And Howard is sure to marry splendidly. He is so handsome.
MR. T. (*facetiously*).—Yes—a chip of the old block.
MRS. T.—There is no doubt that Clara Knickerbocker is greatly taken with him.
MR. T.—H—m, he might do worse.
MRS. T.—Worse, indeed! Why, they're one of our oldest families, and rich into the bargain.
MR. T.—Quite a rare combination.
MRS. T.—Arabella's prospects are not quite so flattering. The dear girl is so fastidious.
MR. T.—Belle is a little fool.
MRS. T.—Why, how can you say so?
MR. T.—Because it is so. Fastidious, indeed! Do you know the way she judges a young man?
MRS. T.—I know that her standard is very high.
MR. T.—Is it? Well, at the Lawrence dance the other night, young Brown took her down to supper—a nice likely young fellow—
MRS. T.—But hardly Arabella's style.
MR. T.—And when I asked her at breakfast, how she liked him, she said: “Pretty well, but O, papa, did you notice he put his napkin on both knees?”
MRS. T.—She is so ultra-refined.
MR. T.—Ultra fiddlesticks! Another young man wore ill-fitting gloves, a third let his hair grow in an ugly way at the back of his neck, and so on—
MRS. T.—My dear, you don't understand girls.
MR. T.—My dear, I don't want to.
MRS. T.—You ought to be very proud of Arabella.
MR. T.—I am—she has a lovely arm.
MRS. T.—And to strive to establish her well in life—
MR. T.—What shall I do? Advertise for a man who wears his napkin over one knee only, whose gloves are made to order, and—
MRS. T.—You are a very provoking man. I wish you'd go to sleep.
MR. T.—You won't let me.
MRS. T.—I lie awake half the night, plotting and planning for my children, while you snore serenely on.
MR. T.—A fair division of labor, Maria. As head of the house, to snore is my inalienable right. Good night, my dear!



ECHOES FROM THE BOXES.

A Roland for an Oliver.

MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—It is quite a brilliant house.
 MRS. DÉCOLLETÉE (*raising her lorgnette*).—Yes, rather.
 MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Quantities of men.
 MRS. DÉCOLLETÉE.—A ballet, my dear. Freddie Gauche has his glass on you, and Captain Goldbraid is in the Sanger box.
 MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—They'll both be here directly.
 MRS. DÉCOLLETÉE.—Doubtless. I hope you'll remember that a New York house and a Newport villa are considerably pleasanter as places of residence than a frontier fort.
 MISS DÉCOLLETÉE.—Dear mama, I should not be your daughter if I did not.
 MRS. DÉCOLLETÉE.—I think I may trust you, this being your fourth season.

A Brilliant Conversation.

MISS DÉBUTANTE (*all animation*).—Isn't this perfectly lovely!
 YOUNG MR. CALLOW.—You like the opera, Miss Débutante?
 MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Oh, yes; I just adore it.
 YOUNG MR. CALLOW.—It is quite nice, I think myself.
 MISS DÉBUTANTE.—Do you really, now? I am so glad (*laughs ecstatically and shrugs her shoulders*).
 YOUNG MR. CALLOW.—Oh, yes; I do—the lights, you know, and the ballet and—the pretty girls in the boxes.
 MISS DÉBUTANTE (*stacking her fan and shaking it playfully*).—Oh, you men are so amusing!
 YOUNG MR. CALLOW (*delighted to be taken for a man*).—Oh, no, really, 'pon honor.
 MISS DÉBUTANTE (*rushing her vinaigrette up to her nose, and shaking her head coquettishly*).—Oh, but you are!—I insist upon it!

A Point of View.

MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—You don't like the ballet, Professor X.?
 PROFESSOR X.—Not especially.
 MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—I can quite understand your feelings. I find that I enjoy those operas best where the ballet divertissement is wanting—and yet I am no prude.
 PROFESSOR X. (*glancing at her corsage and shoulder straps*).—I am sure of that, Mrs. Société. You are a woman of too liberal natural endowments to be a prude.
 MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—Oh, really, Professor X., you are quite too kind.
 COL. PLUNGER (*a heavy swell*).—A charming ballet!
 MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—Charming, indeed! Coppélia is even more delicious than La Sylvie of last year.
 COL. PLUNGER.—Oh, ya-as—quite the hit of the season; fellows all talking about it in the smoking-room.
 MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—Ah, then, its success is assured!

COL. PLUNGER.—Ya-as; I cahnt understand, you know, how some people object to this sort of thing, you know.

MRS. SOCIÉTÉ.—It is generally a case of "*honi soit qui mal y pense*." Look at Swanilda, now! every movement is the perfection of grace and rhythmic motion.

A Marital Infelicity.

CRÆSUS PÈRE (*angrily*).—I tell you, I won't stand it much longer. I've sneezed three times already.

CRÆSUS MÈRE (*soothingly*).—Go out into the smoking-room for a little change.

CRÆSUS PÈRE.—I won't! This is the worst seat in the box; but it's a seat, and I'll hang on to it.

CRÆSUS MÈRE (*remonstrating behind her fan*).—My dear, do—

CRÆSUS PÈRE.—I won't—whatever it is! I pay a big price for this box, and every time we come, I'm ousted out of a comfortable position by these young Darwins who pay a dollar to get in, and then sponge seats out of their box friends.

CRÆSUS MÈRE.—I don't know what you can expect. We should be a laughing stock if our box were empty.

CRÆSUS PÈRE.—You and the two girls and myself fill it very comfortably, I think.

CRÆSUS MÈRE.—Naturally, you know, the girls attract their society friends.

CRÆSUS PÈRE.—I guess it's the seats that attract. Anyhow, I'll give that young De Winkle to the end of this song to skip before I—

CRÆSUS MÈRE.—Oh, you will not say—

CRÆSUS PÈRE.—I will say: "Be good enough to change seats with me;" and I'll let him cool the back of his neck in this draught as I've been doing for the last hour! There, I'm going to sneeze again!

Not a Bad Idea.

A REIGNING BELLE.—How very odd it must seem to sit down there—among the people.

ONE OF THE MEN SHE KNOWS.—You wouldn't like it.

BELLE.—I should stay away. What in the world, now, do you suppose they come for?

MAN.—Oh, possibly the music, you know.

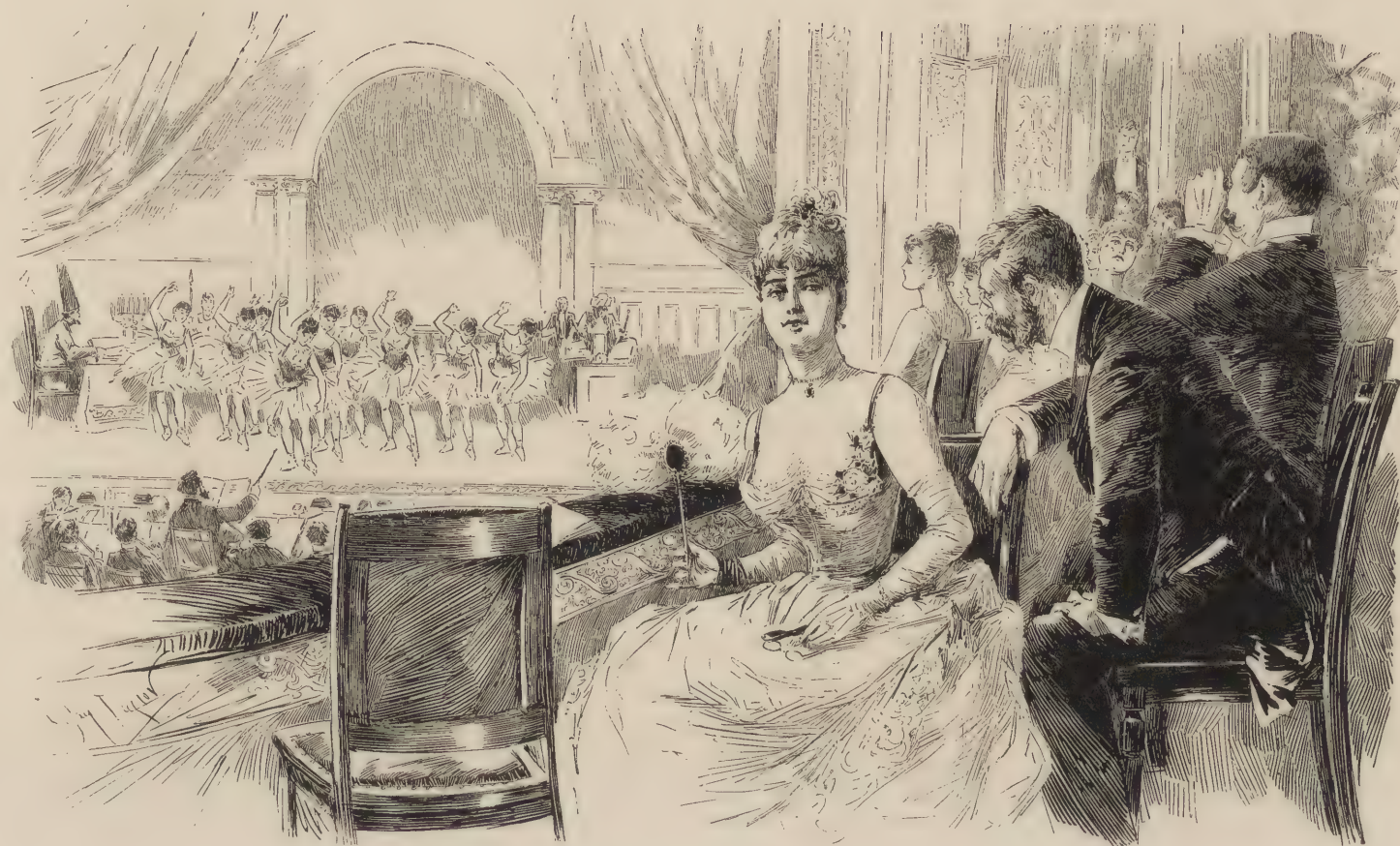
Among the People.

YOUNG WOMAN.—There is such a pretty girl up there in that box. I wish I dare look at her through my glass.

HER ESCORT.—Do, by all means. She's come to be looked at.

FIRST BOHEMIAN (*finishing a survey of the house*).—A fine show all round.

SECOND BOHEMIAN.—Yes; the monkeys are jumping bravely to-night.



MADEMOISELLE VISITS A SHOEMAKER'S.

MISS PARACHUTE.—I wish to see some slippers.
 OBSEQUIOUS SHOEMAKER.—What sort, if you please, madam ; bronze ?
 MISS P.—Oh, no ; patent leather.
 O. S.—What size, please ?
 MISS P.—I never can remember. Two-and-a-half, I believe.
 O. S.—I'll see by your boot, if you will sit down here.
 MISS P. (as he begins taking off her boot).—These boots are quite too large.
 O. S.—Oh, of course ; I merely want them as a guide.
 MISS P.—I really don't know how I came to buy so large a pair.
 O. S. (discovering the boots to be threes, and too short and narrow for the foot).—It is better walking-boots should be amply large.
 MISS P.—But not so loose as these, certainly.
 O. S.—It is better so.
 MISS P.—The slippers must be much narrower.
 O. S.—Yes, madam. (shows a pair.)
 MISS P.—Oh, I want Louis Quinze heels !
 O. S.—These, then, may suit. (shows another.)
 MISS P.—You may try them, (catches sight of the size,) oh, horrors ! I never wore threes-and-a-half in my life !
 O. S. (who has been there before).—Different makes, you know, run differently.
 MISS P.—Well, give me a make that runs the other way. Fancy wearing such a size as that !
 O. S.—If you will allow me to try one on, you can tell if the style pleases you.
 MISS P.—Oh, I couldn't even tell that in such a monstrous slipper !
 O. S. (takes a three).—Here is one smaller. (fits it on with difficulty.)
 MISS P.—No, that does not feel right ; it's too—too—
 O. S.—Too narrow, perhaps ?
 MISS P.—N—no, not too narrow. Too snug across the instep ; my instep is so very high.
 O. S.—Perhaps a Spanish-arch instep would suit your foot better.
 MISS P.—I'll try one, then.
 O. S. (brings a Spanish arch, three-and-a-half).—Is that more comfortable ?
 MISS P.—Yes, I think it is—it still draws a little across the top.
 O. S.—I think a shoe a trifle wider would relieve that.
 MISS P.—Oh, no ; I always use a very slender last.
 O. S.—These high heels, too, throw the strain on the instep.
 MISS P.—I can't endure low ones. It's my instep. I always have difficulty fitting that.
 O. S. (fitting another).—How do you find that ?
 MISS P.—That is better (stands up.) Yes ; that is better in the heel, I think—but the toe is quite too wide.

O. S.—That is odd ; it's the same size as the other.
 MISS P.—Why, it positively bulges !
 O. S. (fits another).—This is narrower.
 MISS P.—Oh, that does not feel comfortable at all !
 O. S. (in despair, slips on again the first shown).—Try this, madam.
 MISS P.—That fits better ; yes, and looks decidedly better in the back.
 O. S. (adroitly).—It's a very elegant little slipper.
 MISS P.—Isn't it long, rather ?
 O. S.—I think not, madam.
 MISS P.—Why, see, the foot only comes to there !
 O. S.—Yes ; but after you have walked in the slippers, you will find the high heels will throw the foot forward.
 MISS P. (still prancing her foot in and out before the mirror).—I don't quite like that square look there.
 O. S.—A small, neat bow would take that away.
 MISS P.—Oh, I can't endure bows ; they disfigure the foot dreadfully.
 O. S.—It is a matter of opinion.
 MISS P.—I believe I like this pair better than any. I think, perhaps, I will take them.
 O. S. (cheerfully).—They are certainly an elegant fit.
 MISS P.—Well, you may send them to Mrs. Peter Parachute, 9999 Madison Avenue.
 O. S. (buttoning her boot).—Yes, madam. (takes bill, and goes for change.)

* * *

MISS P. (who has been looking about in his absence).—Let me see those bronze slippers there in the window.
 O. S. (showing them).—Eight dollars, madam.
 MISS P.—Have you them without embroidery ?
 O. S.—Yes, madam. (finds a pair.)
 MISS P.—I think I'll try one. (re-seats herself.)
 O. S. (takes off her boot).—This is your size.
 MISS P.—Oh, no ; really, it's much too tight—over the instep.
 O. S.—Is this better ?
 MISS P.—That's too wide.
 O. S.—Try this.
 MISS P.—Oh, that's too wide across the toe !
 O. S.—Here is another.
 MISS P.—That feels well enough ; but bronze slippers only look well with bronze-silk stockings.
 O. S. (relieved).—They look much better certainly.
 MISS P.—You may send the patent-leather ones that I have selected, and I'll come in another day for the bronze.
 O. S.—Very well, madam. (sotto voice) I hope I'll be out !



AN EVENING OUT.

- MR. TEWKSBURY.—What beastly bore is on for to-night?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—I don't think your hostess would be flattered to hear you.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—It isn't the hostess—it's the whole blanked thing.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Oh!
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Who is she, by the way?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—The blanked thing?
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—No; the hostess.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Our first hostess is Mrs. B. G. Busby Salamander, for dinner, and—
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Gad! I hope the dinner will be as hot as the name—
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Afterward a dance at the Robinsons—
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Cold soup may be all very well in Russia; but it is deuced poor stuff in New York.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—And where, may I ask, do you get cold soup?
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—At half the places we dine. A week ago at the Bitterns, Monday at the Tinderboxes, and last night down-stairs, my love, with my legs stretched under our own mahogany.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—It isn't mahogany, it's English oak.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—A mere figure of speech—the soup was cold, just the same.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—A mere figure of speech—the soup was boiling.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—My love!
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—My dear!
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Mrs. Tewksbury!
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Mr. Tewksbury!
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—You are warm, my love; wherein you are very unlike the soup.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—The soup was delicious.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—The soup was execrable.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Baron Vendredi spoke specially of it, and asked if our *chef* was a *cordon bleu*.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Did he? That's rich! I forgive the soup. What did you say?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Oh, I parried the blow!
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—You were wise. Mrs. Magillicuddy may be a *bas bleu*, although I question any *bas* at all; but she is decidedly not a *cordon bleu*.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Bridget is a very good cook.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Oh, yes—who's been at my dressing-case?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Yourself, principally.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—I can only find one brush.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—You have two in your hands.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Oh, so I have. I was going to remark, my dear, that Baron Vendredi pays you a good deal of attention.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—I was his hostess last night.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—You are not always his hostess.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Frenchmen are all manner, you know.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—H'm. Does he dine at the Salamanders to-night?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—I believe so.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Does he know you are to be there?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Probably—he sent me flowers to-day.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—The devil!
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—No; Baron Vendredi.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—It's all the same. You shall not wear them.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—“Shall not” doesn't sound well, Mr. Tewksbury.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—It means well, though. You are pinning them in your corsage now.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Am I?
- MR. TEWKSBURY (*shouting*).—Yes, you are; and you may take them out too!
- MRS. TEWKSBURY (*removes them*).—As you like.
- MR. TEWKSBURY (*somewhat mollified*).—Thanks! You have other flowers?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—None that I care to wear.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—I sent you some to-day.
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—I received them.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Did they please you?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Oh, yes!
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Why don't you wear them?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—You told me not to.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—I? Ah, I see! Those were my flowers you were fastening on your dress?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Yes.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Mrs. Tewksbury, you are an angel, as usual, and as usual I am—
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Mr. Tewksbury.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Right you are! What shall it be?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY (*archly*).—Do you think that diamond bracelet—?
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—You shall have it to-morrow morning. Am I forgiven?
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—There is nothing to be forgiven. You laid the train, fired it, and then got singed with your own powder.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Then the bracelet—
- MRS. TEWKSBURY.—Will be merely a souvenir of the occasion.
- MR. TEWKSBURY.—Ah!



HERBERT L. S. MONTAGUE SWELL, M.D.

FASHIONABLE PHYSICIAN (*office hours from 9 to 10.30 A.M.*).—Buttons, is the new coachman below?

BUTTONS.—Yes, sir.

PHYSICIAN.—Tell him to have the coupé before the door at 10.30. Walk the horses up and down the block, stopping occasionally before the door, till I come out.

BUTTONS.—Yes, sir.

PHYSICIAN.—Who are outside?

BUTTONS.—Two men, a woman, and a lady, sir! Here's her card!

PHYSICIAN.—Show her in!

PHYSICIAN (*rising*).—My dear Mrs. Hysteria, I should be delighted to see you this morning, if I did not fear that your call means a return of your old enemy. Yes? I thought so, and I may say that I have expected it! I noticed at the Meredith dinner, last week, how very fragile you were looking. You are not the woman, physically, to be the society leader that you are. Your temperament is too sensitive, your nervous system too delicately organized to stand the strain. Other women do it? Of course they do, my dear madam, but other women are not you! We do not expect the same wear from a delicate piece of Sevres porcelain that we do from Ohio delf. You must take care of yourself! I've written out a prescription, a light tonic, which I want you to take every day, at eleven and three, in a glass of old Port. Don't come out in such inclement weather again! I will stop to-morrow as I drive by, and next week, if you are not stronger, I shall send you to Hollywood or Old Point. Good morning; remember to take care of yourself!

PHYSICIAN.—Next card, Buttons! Ah, yes; show the young man in! (*remains seated.*) Ah, from the *Daily Bulletin*, to inquire after Mr. Trillion? Yes? Just sit down a moment, please, and I'll write out what I wish said. A physician is quite apt to be misquoted. (*writes a few moments.*) There—this is all that is necessary. (*reads.*) "A reporter of the *Daily Bulletin* visited Dr. Swell this morning, to obtain the latest and most authentic report of the Hon. A. B. C. Trillion's condition. The eminent physician was found at his home, No. 3 West —th Street, taking a brief rest after his long vigil, nearly the whole of the preceding night having been passed at the bedside of his distinguished patient. He left him resting easy, pulse and respiration nearly normal, the remedies used during the night having produced the expected beneficial effect. Dr. Swell does not deny that the situation is extremely critical, and one calling for the most assiduous skill, but he is of the opinion that unless some serious complications develop, Mr. Trillion's malady will be controlled by medical science." That gives a correct idea of the situation. See that it goes in as written. Good morning!

PHYSICIAN (*remains seated*).—Well, my good woman, what is it? H'm, yes; yours is a hospital dispensary case. I am a specialist, not a general practitioner, and I really can do nothing for you. Go to 450 West —th Street, and you can get some remedies for your child. Good morning!

PHYSICIAN (*taking another card from BUTTONS*).—Show the lady in at once! (*risés, and crosses room to meet her.*) My dear Miss Budrose, this is indeed a pleasure! Take this chair—no, not that one; this low one near the fire! How very nice of you to pay me this morning call! Don't tell me you have come professionally; you are quite too blooming for that! No, indeed! I thought not! If you ever are ill, don't send for me! I really couldn't come, you know! The responsibility would be too great! I should have all New York clubdom besieging my doors! What's that?—stop my nonsense and listen to you seriously? Why, my dear Miss Violet, of course I will; what can I do for you? Oh, what a noble scheme! And you young ladies are really undertaking, quite by yourselves, to establish a Fund to erect a cupola over the Heel and Toe Hospital? Indeed, you must let me put my name down for fifty dollars, at least! Must you go so soon? My regards to dear Mrs. Budrose! Is her neuralgia less severe? No? I had better stop a moment as I pass to-day! Coming to your ball to-morrow night? Of course I am; and beware how you fill up your card before I see it! Good morning, Miss Violet; so charmed to see you! Good morning!

PHYSICIAN (*to next visitor*).—Why, Goldspoon, my dear fellow, how are you? Not very well? Oh, I guess not; a little overworked, that's all! You'll have to put on the brakes for a while! It's all very well to be a brilliant young lawyer; but it's all very ill to be a brilliant young lawyer at the expense of your health. Think you smoke too much? How many? Fifteen cigars a day, with cigarettes between? Well, you might cut down that allowance somewhat; but what you really need is less brain toil! It would be a good thing to take a run over to the Riviera, or South. I shall be near your father's house to-day, and I'll drop in and see him a few minutes. Between us, I guess we can patch you up. Good morning!

PHYSICIAN.—Eleven o'clock! I must be off! Buttons, my overcoat and case of instruments! See if Michael is at the curb! Say to any who calls to-day that I am detained at the Trillion residence! (*darts out in great haste.*) Drive very rapidly, Michael, to — Fifth Avenue! [*Jumps into coupé, and the horses clatter down the block with such a noise and dash that half the neighbors are brought to their windows—desired effect.*]



A DUET.

(The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.—ANON.)

LOUISE.—Oh, Helen, how your baby grows! He is quite catching up to Rupert.

HELEN.—Yes; you know he's quite four months old now. I wish he would wake up.

LOUISE.—So he is—aren't they too sweet, anyway? Rupert has two teeth, you know.

HELEN.—Oh, has he? I am crazy for Baby to show one. I thought I felt one yesterday, but nurse says I didn't.

LOUISE.—Oh, of course not. Rupert was six months old before he cut his first tooth.

HELEN.—Was he? I'm sure Baby will do better than that; his gums feel really hard.

LOUISE.—Oh, Rupert's were hard, too, for fully two months before the tooth appeared.

HELEN.—Were they? How disappointing!

LOUISE.—Oh, yes; it was such an event the day we discovered the little white pearl sticking through! I had been out, and—

HELEN.—Oh, I do so hope I shall find Baby's tooth first—

LOUISE.—And when I came in, the dear little fellow looked up and cooed so sweetly—

HELEN.—Baby is beginning to know me, too.

LOUISE.—That I couldn't wait to lay aside my wraps, but snatched him up, and began, as usual, to—

HELEN.—Baby just loves to bury his nose in my seal-skin sacque. I put it on sometimes in the house just to let him enjoy it.

LOUISE.—To feel in his mouth for the tooth—

HELEN.—My nurse has me rub my thimble over the gums every day—

LOUISE.—And fancy my delight to encounter a hard substance—

HELEN.—You know the gold cannot possibly hurt him.

LOUISE.—Oh, no; and it relieves Rupert's gums so much, dear little soul! He is teething so hard now!

HELEN.—Baby seems very restless when I am giving him his bath. I think it is his teeth.

LOUISE.—Very likely. Rupert never cries when I bathe him. I give him a good meal, and—

HELEN.—Oh, Louise—why, Baby is never bathed until half an hour after he is fed.

LOUISE (impressively).—My dear, you must stop that at once! My book, "Advice to Young Mothers," says a child should never be bathed while hungry.

HELEN.—Oh, but you know Doctor Mollycoddle, in his "Nursery Talks," expressly prohibits bathing a child on a full stomach—

LOUISE.—Experience is the best teacher, and Rupert is nine months old, and is always fed before his bath.

HELEN.—Oh, I could never think of such a thing. Baby might have a convulsion!

LOUISE.—I should be much more afraid of Rupert's going into a convulsion from over-fatigue and restlessness if he were bathed when hungry—

HELEN.—Oh, I don't think so. Baby is as good as a little kitten, always.

LOUISE.—So is Rupert. Oh!—I have got to change my nurse!

HELEN.—What a pity! Mine is an excellent one.

LOUISE.—Well, Margaret is good about a good many things; but so careless, I cannot put up with her.

HELEN.—Elizabeth needs watching, of course; she forgot to put back the crib sheets half-an-hour before Baby was put to bed last night—

LOUISE.—Why, I found the temperature of the nursery seventy-one degrees on Monday. I never allow it above or below seventy degrees.

HELEN.—Don't you? Doctor Mollycoddle favors sixty-eight degrees.

LOUISE.—My book recommends seventy degrees. Margaret is careless about other things, too; she—

HELEN.—Elizabeth, on the whole, suits me very well.

LOUISE.—Margaret didn't take the temperature of Rupert's bath yesterday. I was so afraid it was too warm or too cold, and—

HELEN.—Oh, yes, indeed, I am so particular about that!

LOUISE.—But I must go. Rupert's next feeding time is twelve o'clock and it is half-past eleven now—

HELEN.—Oh, but Baby has not waked up.

LOUISE.—I never vary a minute.

HELEN.—I wanted you to see how much darker Baby's eyes are—

LOUISE.—You must bring him over. Come in the afternoon. Rupert only goes out in the morning this weather, and you must see him.

HELEN.—Oh, Baby could not be in the air after one o'clock!

LOUISE.—Oh, true, I forgot. Well, come and see me soon. I think Rupert's hair is going to curl beautifully.

HELEN.—Baby has very little hair yet—but Dr. Mollycoddle says, in his book, it will be all the thicker by and by—

LOUISE.—Good-by, dear! I saw Kate Dillingham the other day.

HELEN.—Did you? She sent Baby a lovely pap-spoon.

LOUISE.—How nice! She gave Rupert a set of dress buttons.

HELEN.—Poor girl—I pity her!

LOUISE.—Oh, so do I—such a dreary life—no baby!

HELEN.—Of course, her husband worships her—

LOUISE.—And she is popular with everybody.

HELEN.—But that doesn't make up—

LOUISE.—Oh, no, indeed! Good-by! I'm so afraid I shall be late for Rupert—

HELEN.—Good-by! Baby will be awake in another fifteen minutes if you could only stay.



A BAD COUGH.

REV. DR. HAUTTON (*before service, to sexton*).—Jones, slant the second window to the left behind the pulpit; it throws a pleasant light on the reading desk.

JONES.—Very well, sir!

REV. DR. H. (*solus*).—The green hue also enhances the pallor of my face.

* * *

REV. DR. H. (*after service*).—Good morning, my dear Mr. Cræsus! What a charming day has been graciously vouchsafed to us!

MR. CRÆSUS.—H-m—yes—yes—fine season of the year!

REV. DR. H. (*coughing*).—I noticed Mrs. Cræsus's absence from church this morning. I hope the dear lady is not ill.

MR. CRÆSUS.—No, no—used up a little; she's been on that Kirmess all the week, you know, and it's (excuse me) been a dayvilish hard job.

REV. DR. H.—Mrs. Cræsus is apt to go beyond her strength, I fear—her enthusiasm is so great.

MR. CRÆSUS.—It was pure spunk, this time; she made up her mind to lay the Bullion faction out cold, and she did it in great style.

REV. DR. H. (*coughing*).—I noticed a pleasant rivalry.

MR. CRÆSUS.—It was war to the knife. I told Julia to go in and win, and I'd back her any amount—and we got there! (*chuckling*.)

REV. DR. H.—The whole affair was very successful.

MR. CRÆSUS.—Successful! I should think so! Why, the Bullion booth couldn't hold a candle to ours! I paid seven hundred dollars for the floral decorations alone.

REV. DR. H. (*coughing violently*).—Your generous nature, Mr. Cræsus, is a noble endowment.

MR. CRÆSUS.—Ain't you barking more'n usual, Doctor?

REV. DR. H.—A trifle only—my old bronchial trouble.

MR. CRÆSUS.—Better take a run down the coast. You ain't been away since you got home from Europe in November—and the summer vacation is two months off yet.

REV. DR. H.—I presume my unremitting labors have somewhat aggravated my trouble, but—

MR. CRÆSUS (*chuckling*).—Weak lot, these ministers—have to look after 'em all the time. I'll speak to the vestry.

REV. DR. H. (*smiling too*).—What a vein of humor you have!

* * *

REV. DR. H.—Good morning, my dear Mrs. Bullion; in your place, as always.

MRS. BULLION.—Yes; I can come to church on Sunday if I have worked all the week; some people can't.

REV. DR. H.—A little relaxation would have been pardoned to-day, dear Mrs. Bullion—your zeal during the past week has been so great.

MRS. BULLION.—I did work hard, and it was all the more galling to have my efforts so belittled, as they were in one direction.

REV. DR. H. (*coughing*).—Oh, I think not! Everybody spoke of your lovely booth.

MRS. BULLION (*softening a little*).—Is that so? I'm really gratified. The Cræsus party seemed to think there was nothing worth looking at but theirs. What a cold you have, Doctor Hutton! I told Mr. Bullion there was something more than mere money outlay to be looked for in the arrangement of the booth, and I am so pleased you recognized it.

REV. DR. H. (*coughing*).—I did, indeed! Mrs. Hutton, too, commented on the lovely combination of color.

MRS. BULLION.—Did she? She has so much taste! But you must take care of your cough—a little change would break it up the quickest.

REV. DR. H.—Yes; I am thinking of a short sea-trip—a run down the coast, perhaps.

MRS. BULLION.—The very thing! I'll have Mr. Bullion see that you get off very soon.

REV. DR. H.—You are so very sympathetic, dear Mrs. Bullion.

* * *

MRS. BACKPEW.—Good morning, Dr. Hutton!

REV. DR. H.—Oh—ah—good morning, good morning!

MRS. BACKPEW.—I enjoyed the service so much this morning—it's the first time in seven weeks I've been at church.

REV. DR. H.—H-m—a long time to be away from one's place in the Lord's house.

MRS. BACKPEW.—But you know my children have all been ill with scarlet fever.

REV. DR. H.—Ah—true—that alters the case somewhat, still—

MRS. BACKPEW.—I was so afraid you or Mrs. Hutton might call. I sent a message to the rectory, begging you not to do so—the infection is so great, you know.

REV. DR. H.—H-m—yes, very thoughtful, I'm sure. I presume the message was received, as we did not call—did we?

MRS. BACKPEW.—Oh, no! Now, however, all danger is over, and—

REV. DR. H.—Oh, excuse me, if you please; I must speak to Mrs. Veuveriche a moment.

* * *

REV. DR. H.—Good morning, my dear Mrs. Veuveriche! Allow me to see you to your carriage! (*coughing*.)

MRS. VEUVERICHE.—Oh, Doctor Hutton, I want to see you! I am positively alarmed about you! Your pallor in the pulpit this morning was ghastly. You must have a change!

REV. DR. H.—Oh, it is nothing, my dear madam, nothing!

MRS. VEUVERICHE.—Nonsense! it's a great deal. Come around with Mrs. Hutton, and take supper with me after service to-night. Bartrand shall make you a dish of your favorite terrapin, and we'll see what can be done for you.

REV. DR. H.—What a great noble heart you have!



A CUNARD SAILS.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*first trip*).—Oh, isn't this *too* lovely!

FOND MAMA.—You are so enthusiastic, Arabella.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*growing very English*).—Oh, but *fahncy*, mama, reading advertisements of London railways right here before we *even* leave the dock.

FOND MAMA.—That is really nothing.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—Oh, but it does seem quite *too* fascinating. Oh, and here is Mr. Callow. Now, isn't this *too* charming!

MR. CALLOW.—Couldn't resist coming down to say *bon voyage*, and all that sort of thing, you know.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—Oh, you are *so* good. And these *lovely* flowers—Oh, thank you *so* much!

MR. CALLOW.—Oh, really, they are not worth mentioning.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—They are *simply exquisite*. Do you know I have just been telling mama I feel *so travelled* already!

MR. CALLOW.—Oh, come now, you know.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—But I *really* do. Oh, mama, I am going with Mr. Callow to see the luggage lowered. It's all *so awfully* interesting.

YOUNG MR. HARVARD (*looking on*).—I say, Nell, there goes a pretty girl. I hope she crosses with us.

HIS SISTER (*somewhat older, with a superior air, raising her lorgnette*).—Yes; she crosses, and for the first time.

YOUNG MR. HARVARD.—Why, do you know her?

HIS SISTER.—Know her! Of course not—but she has a brand new travelling dress.

POMPOUS OLD PARTY.—Well, we're really off, my dear.

HIS WIFE.—Yes; and it is so pleasant to leave with such a throng of cheerful people saying good-by.

POMPOUS OLD PARTY (*looking about benignly*).—Yes; a great, noisy, jostling, good-natured crowd. Everybody in a hurry, pushing his neighbor, but nobody in a temper—damme, sir! you are treading on my toes—can't you see, sir, when a man is directly in your way?

TIMID PASSENGER (*putting the usual question to an officer*).—Are we likely to have good weather—that is, you know—I suppose this is the season for a quick passage—and—er—a safe one, you know?

OFFICER (*the usual answer*).—The Cunard Line, sir, has never yet lost a passenger.

YOUNG MR. CLUBMAN.—Oh, Miss Larkins, I've been looking all over for you! I began to be afraid I should have to carry this box of nougat back with me.

MISS LARKINS.—Another! Why, do you know, quite confidentially, this is my tenth box of bon-bons? but it is the first of nougat; and I dote on nougat!

YOUNG MR. CLUBMAN.—What an awfully happy thought of mine to select it—one out of ten—such a narrow escape!

OLD MR. CLUBMAN.—Hello, Larkins, old fellow, I've scoured three decks for you.

PAPA LARKINS (*below*).—Is that you, Clubman? 'Pon my soul, I'm glad to see you!

OLD MR. CLUBMAN.—Oh, I couldn't let you sail without a life-preserver. There it is—some of the old stuff, me boy, that I never produce except to save a friend from shipwreck.

PAPA LARKINS.—Clubman, you're a genius! We will let it gurggle.

(*Bell rings, whistles blow.*)—"All off for shore!"

PRACTICAL MAMA.—Good-by, Horace. Write me often, and remember, don't leave off your flannels till June. (*to daughter*)—Eleanor, don't make a spectacle of yourself. Last spring, when your aunt sailed, you cried because you couldn't go; and now that you are going you still cry.

PRETTY BLONDE (*overheard in a sheltered place*).—Good-by, then, Mr. Tandem—and you may come across, you think?

MR. TANDEM.—*May* I?

PRETTY BLONDE.—Why, of course; we will be very glad to see you.

MR. TANDEM.—Make the pronoun singular, and I'll sail next week.

PRETTY BLONDE (*archly*).—I never did know anything about grammar; perhaps (*dropping her eyes and toying lightly with a rose*) botany will do as well.

MRS. SENTIMENTAL (*leaning over the rail*).—Look, Augustus—that young man down on the dock!

MR. SENTIMENTAL.—Which one, and what of him?

MRS. SENTIMENTAL.—The tall one yonder. I noticed him up here as the crowd was leaving—he seemed to linger and look back. Perhaps he has a fiancée on board.

MR. SENTIMENTAL.—Well, and if he has?

MRS. SENTIMENTAL.—I should want to know all about it. Oh, he must have! See, he has worked his way to the extreme edge of the pier and is straining all his gaze after the ship!

MR. SENTIMENTAL.—Oh, I see him. He's a newspaper reporter.

MRS. SENTIMENTAL (*after a moment*).—I hope you gave him our names, Augustus!



AROUND THE MAHOGANY.

(The bad quarter-of-an-hour in the drawing-room.)

POMPON FILLE.—Oh, mama ; I am so distressed !

POMPON MÈRE.—Why, my love ; what has happened ?

POMPON FILLE.—I am sure that odious Mr. Smithers over there is going to take me out.

POMPON MÈRE.—What makes you think so ?

POMPON FILLE.—Mrs. Grundy just now spoke to him ; and he looked straight at me, and said “delighted, of course !”

POMPON MÈRE.—Console yourself, my dear ; I’ll make it up to Mrs. Grundy.

POMPON FILLE.—How, pray ?

POMPON MÈRE.—Oh, when I return this dinner, I’ll ask Griggs, whom she abhors, and pair her off with him !

* * *

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—You take me out, *mon ami* !

JACK CAVENDISH.—Are you sure ?

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Quite ; it’s the price of my coming.

JACK CAVENDISH.—How good you are !

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Don’t be too much flattered ; it was a choice between dear little Smithers and yourself.

* * *

MRS. GRUNDY (to LORD BANTLING, at her right).—Do look at the expression on my husband’s face !

LORD BANTLING (raising his glass).—H’m—really, now, it is hardly one of unclouded happiness, you know !

MRS. GRUNDY.—He is simply in despair.

LORD BANTLING.—Oh, hardly so bad as that, is it ?

MRS. GRUNDY.—Worse, even. He is beginning a two-hour dinner with only that dreadfully heavy Mrs. Pompon to speak to.

LORD BANTLING.—He has that charming Mrs. Mariée on his left.

MRS. GRUNDY.—He has that charming Mrs. Mariée’s back on his left—while she toys with Mr. Cavendish’s soft speeches.

LORD BANTLING.—Ah, I see !

* * *

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Watch dear Mrs. Pompon ! Doesn’t she glare deliciously at her *caro sposo* ?

JACK CAVENDISH.—Rather, yes.

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Poor old soul ! What a Caudle he’ll get to-night.

JACK CAVENDISH.—Well, really, the old party is making rather an exhibition of himself, you know, with the widow !

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Of course he is ; and that’s what Mrs. Light-mourning is leading him on for.

JACK CAVENDISH.—I don’t quite follow.

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—She wants to spoil Mrs. Grundy’s dinner if possible.

JACK CAVENDISH.—Oh, do enlighten me !

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Why, Mrs. Grundy has not even given her a place at Mr. Grundy’s left.

JACK CAVENDISH.—And does she want it ?

YOUNG MRS. MARIÉE.—Unquestionably ! They have quite an “affair” on just now, you know !

* * *

LORD BANTLING (over the cigars).—I say, Cavendish, you’re a lucky dog ! You’ve had that clever little Mrs. Mariée all through this infernally dull dinner.

JACK CAVENDISH.—H-m—it was deuced hard, though, doing the devoted to her, when that daisy-eyed little Pompon was showing her lovely blushes every time I got a chance to look at her.

LORD BANTLING.—Oh, that’s the way the wind sets, is it ? I don’t go in for the *ingénue*, and that sort of thing.

JACK CAVENDISH.—Well, you had the mature in your charming hostess !

LORD BANTLING.—H-m—so I had—very mature, too. A little of Mrs. Grundy, my dear boy, goes a great way.

* * *

MRS. GRUNDY (in the drawing-room, before the men come in).—Between ourselves, Helen, his lordship is an insufferable bore.

MRS. MARIÉE.—You don’t say so ? I find him charming !

MRS. GRUNDY.—He was distant all through dinner, and so hard to talk to.

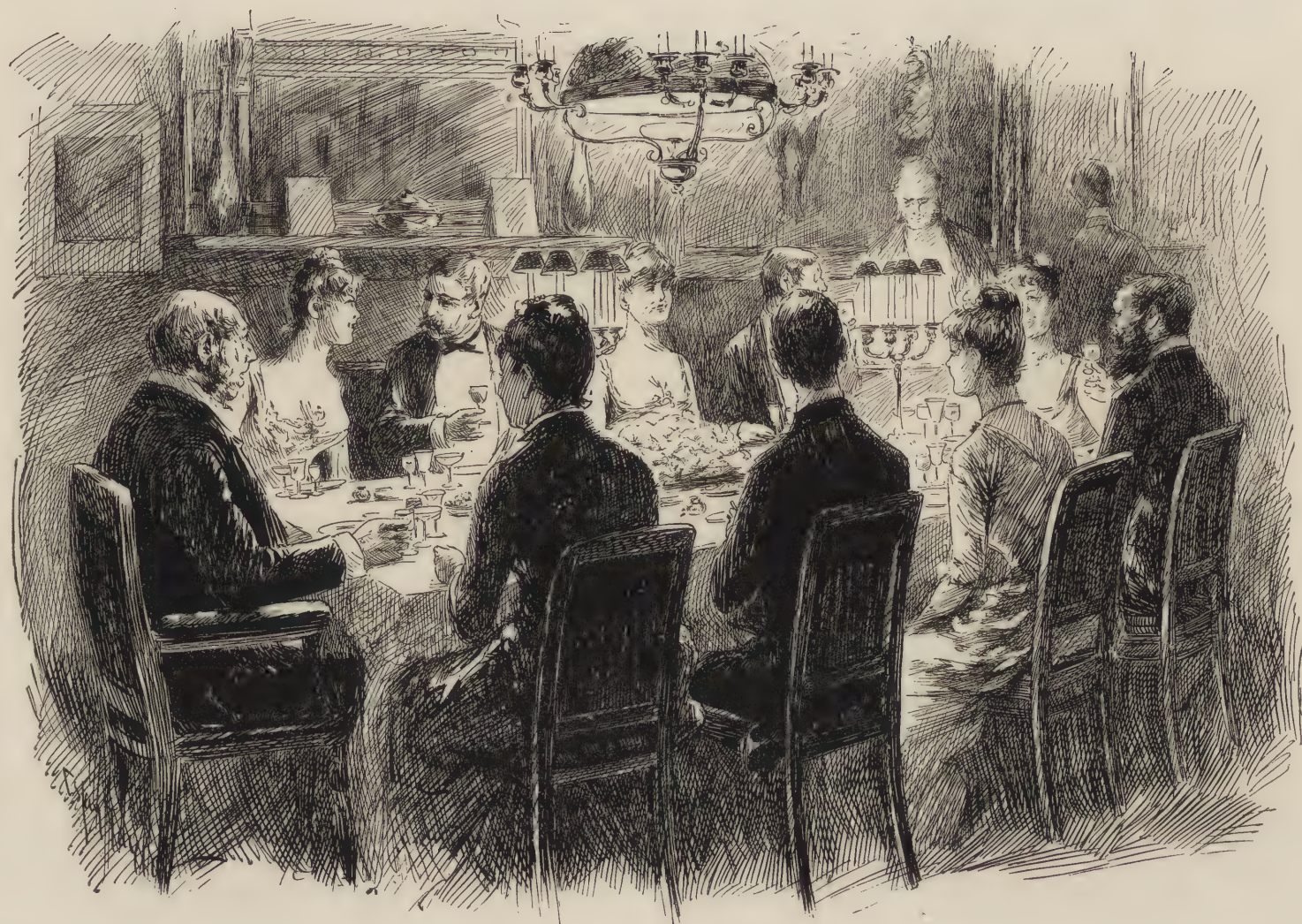
MRS. MARIÉE.—How odd ! To me he always appears quite the reverse !

MRS. GRUNDY.—*En passant*, my dear, Jack Cavendish stole a good many glances at Nellie Pompon, in the other room.

MRS. MARIÉE.—Did he ? I didn’t notice them ! It must have been when I was taking wine with Lord Bantling !

* * *

POMPON PÈRE (later, in the drawing-room ; laboriously).—I was saying, my dear Mrs. Grundy, that no-er—hospitality is so-er—altogether charming, you know, as a-er—little dinner like this, where all the-er—company is so-er—you know, felicitously selected, and-er—so judiciously disposed.



A COMING EVENT.

(During the twenty minutes' noon intermission, the young ladies of Madame Finisher's boarding-school discuss educational matters, and a luncheon of buns, éclairs, etc., sent in by a fashionable baker.)

EDITH (*munching a cream puff*).—Oh, what a lovely spread! Nell, you're the boss treater!

NELL.—Hear, hear! A graduate, and she says "boss"—

EDITH.—Oh, fudge; madame isn't around!

NELL.—It's a good thing she isn't, with these *méringues* in view.

EDITH.—That baker is a darling.

CLARA.—How does he get them in, anyway?

NELL.—Why, he has an extra tray quite at the bottom of his basket, that no one suspects.

EDITH.—Yes; isn't it jolly? I wouldn't care a sou for the *méringues* if we were allowed to buy them.

NELL.—Edith, you are really depraved.

EDITH.—Oh, I just love to be fast!

CLARA.— } Oh, how perfectly dreadful!

NELL.— }

CLARA.—Oh, girls; mama bought my graduation dress yesterday!

NELL.—Oh, what is it?

CLARA.—Indian muslin and valenciennes; just too lovely for any use!

EDITH.—I got mine last week. I've a white silk slip, and an Irish point skirt over it.

CLARA.—Well, Connery told mama Indian muslin was quite *comme il faut* for graduation.

EDITH.—*Comme il faut* nothing. It may do well enough for your blonde infantile beauty; but I need something more substantial.

NELL.—Madame wants us to dress simply.

EDITH.—A fig for madame! I'll wear what I like.

CLARA.—My dress is to have ten narrow flounces, edged with valenciennes—real lace, too; and the bodice is all lace inserting sewed together.

EDITH.—Just listen; and she calls that simple!

NELL.—The front of mine is all lace, too; and the back just quantities of soft, fluffy drapery.

EDITH.—Shall you wear sashes?

CLARA.—Oh, yes; mine is surah, five yards.

NELL.—Mine is awfully wide satin ribbon.

EDITH.—I think I'll have *moiré*.

NELL.—Aren't you crazy for the evening to come?

EDITH.—Oh, perfectly wild!

CLARA.—I'm to have quantities of flowers.

EDITH.—Madame wants us to have a "profusion."

NELL.—My brothers, and papa and mama each send me a bouquet, and Sister May's fiancé says nothing short of a basket will satisfy him.

CLARA.—Each one of my cousins will send me a bouquet; and, of course, papa and mama.

EDITH.—Well, I am going straight to Klunder's, and order as many as I want.

CLARA.—Oh, I wouldn't do that for anything!

EDITH.—Why not? It's no worse than boring everyone you know for them.

CLARA (*haughtily*).—I never "bone."

NELL.—Edith, you do have such a harsh way of putting things.

EDITH.—I don't care—it's the way they are.

CLARA.—I'm worried to death over my essay.

EDITH.—Oh, the essay is all right. Miss Barton took mine yesterday, and is going to look it over and touch it up.

NELL.—What is the subject?

EDITH.—"Is Civilization a Failure?"

NELL.—Goodness—what could you find to say about that?

EDITH.—Oh, I treat it humorously, you know!

CLARA.—Mine is "Watching and Waiting."

EDITH.—A lovely sentimental thing, I suppose. CLARA (*with dignity*).—Madame says it has many beautiful thoughts.

EDITH.—Oh, madame has got it?

CLARA.—Yes; she wants to revise it a little.

NELL.—Mine is the French essay, you know. "Mam'selle" is helping me on it.

EDITH.—Well, then, girls, we're safe anyway. I don't care a rap for the examinations.

NELL.—Why?

EDITH.—Oh, they're to be private, you know; and we'll be coached through all right.

NELL.—I hope so.

CLARA.—Oh, yes; madame says they will not be very severe, as she considers we have reviewed so often.

NELL.—I have to sing, you know.

EDITH.—Don't you dread it?

NELL.—Not a bit. Why, I have practised all winter on my piece, and Prof. Staccato says I've got every little shade now.

CLARA.—My drawing, "The Angelus," is to be exhibited, you know. Mr. Crayon took it home last night.

EDITH.—What for?

CLARA.—Oh, he thought the figures slanted a little, and the perspective wasn't quite true, and the sky needed different shadings, otherwise it was lovely!

EDITH.—I shan't show my water-color.

NELL.—Why not?

EDITH.—Oh, there's a castle in it, and it tips frightfully!

CLARA.—Couldn't you call it the "Leaning Tower of Pisa?"

EDITH.—I might do that, only it's a winter scene.

NELL.—I don't believe anyone would notice.

CLARA.—No; put it in a lovely frame, and it'll be all right.

NELL.—What are you going to have for a graduation present?

CLARA.—A sapphire bracelet. I've been just sick for one.

EDITH.—I'm going to have a diamond ring.

NELL.—And I—a saddle-horse.

EDITH.—Isn't it just lovely to finish, anyway?

CLARA.—Yes, indeed. I am just crazy to come out in society.

NELL.—It is *such* a satisfaction to feel there is nothing more to learn.



OVER THE BREAKFAST COFFEE.

(At the Fashionable Boarding-House of Mrs. Cephas Jones.)

MRS. LIEUT. GILLIFLOWER (*of the Navy. Aged sixty-five. Third floor, back*).—Good morning, Mrs. Smith! I see you are only just down, too. When people get to be our ages, punctuality at breakfast ceases to be one of the cardinal virtues.

MRS. EFFINGHAM SMITH (*aged sixty. Second floor, front*).—Oh, I don't admit that, at all, Mrs. Gilliflower! Do you mind if I straighten your front? it is a trifle awry. There, that is better!

MRS. GILLIFLOWER (*somewhat coldly*).—Thanks!

MRS. SMITH.—No; I am late this morning because I slept very poorly during the night. I shall have to speak to Mrs. Jones about the window shutter again—and a front (*slightly emphasized*) room is more or less noisy, you know.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER (*composedly*).—Yes; I do know. I told Mrs. Jones, when I came to look over her house, that I must have a quiet room, if I had to go up another flight to secure it.

MRS. SMITH.—Naturally, at your age, dear Mrs. Gilliflower. I confess I like the bustle and friction of the outside world which I get from my street windows.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER (*loftily*).—Possibly, Mrs. Smith, possibly; but you know we naval people get nothing but bustle and change and excitement all our lives. We find a positive novelty in retirement.

MRS. SMITH (*to maid, with some asperity*).—Sarah, my eggs will be boiled solid!

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—I am feeling thoroughly blue this morning. I dined last evening quite *en famille* with my friends, the De Longuevilles, and I find that they sail for Europe in a fortnight.

MRS. SMITH (*tersely*).—What on?

MRS. GILLIFLOWER (*innocently*).—I don't think the name of the steamer was mentioned. A Cunarder, though, probably.

MRS. SMITH.—Humph! Sarah, the salt! Oh, well, I suppose Mrs. De Longueville's mother will float the family over the sea, as she has here on land so long.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Really, Mrs. Smith, you grow poetic. Do you happen, by the way, to know the De Longueville bank account?

MRS. SMITH.—Bank account, indeed! Why, I don't suppose Dick De Longueville's check is good for a farthing. You can't tell me anything about that tribe. I know them through and through.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—I congratulate you. You have at least one desirable old family upon your list of acquaintances.

MRS. SMITH.—Old family—pshaw! But don't let us quarrel over the De Longuevilles—they are not worth it; it's an open secret, as you very well know, that their only hope now is to marry Eleanor to a fortune.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Perhaps your informant on that score is Jane Midas. Her brother is fairly grovelling at Eleanor's feet.

MRS. SMITH (*loftily*).—The Midas family may be new, but they have too much instinctive good breeding to discuss their private affairs with an outsider.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Ah!

MRS. SMITH.—Besides, Jenny is too absorbed in her own happiness to think of anything else.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Ah, ha! So she has landed her fish, has she?

MRS. SMITH.—Really, Mrs. Gilliflower, your speech is quite beyond me!

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—I wonder her golden bait didn't draw better. This Englishman is only a younger son.

MRS. SMITH.—A second son, if you please.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Well, that's not much better.

MRS. SMITH.—Vastly better, when the heir-presumptive is a bachelor with heart-disease.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Oh, she takes the risk, does she?

MRS. SMITH.—She marries as her heart dictates.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Fudge! Her presents ought to be ticketed—"with best wishes for a brother-in-law's early demise."

MRS. SMITH.—Sarah, the vinegar! By the by, Mrs. Gilliflower, you'll have to give up lavender ribbons on your breakfast-caps.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Why, pray?

MRS. SMITH.—Oh, our new boarder, the bride, does not approve of them.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER (*with a sniff*).—Indeed!

MRS. SMITH.—Yes; she remarked yesterday, at luncheon, "it was such a pity you wore lavender so much; it is such a very trying color."

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Humph! Her tongue is as long as her neck. She thinks, by the way, that you write society gossip for the *Weekly Jenkins*.

MRS. SMITH (*coloring*).—I? What presumption!

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—Yes; I told her it was quite impossible you could do such a thing.

MRS. SMITH.—Oh! (*dryly*.) You were very kind!

MRS. GILLIFLOWER.—She quite insisted, though!

MRS. SMITH.—Like Mr. Baldhead, your *vis-a-vis*, when I endeavored to convince him what folly it was to suppose you did the personals for the *Saturday Gossip*.

MRS. GILLIFLOWER (*angrily*).—Mr. Baldhead is a meddlesome old stupid!



A WHIST PARTY.

MR. GALANT (*who is an authority at his club*).—Are you fond of whist, Mrs. Bland?

MRS. BLAND (*his hostess and partner*).—Oh, immensely! I fear, though, I am a little out of practice.

MR. GALANT (*who has his misgivings about ladies' whist*).—Perhaps you would prefer a game of euchre?

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, no, indeed! I know how devoted you are to whist. Mr. Bland often speaks of your prowess.

MISS FICHU (*one antagonist*).—Oh, we *must* play whist. I shall be too proud if we win; and if we lose, it is only what we ought to expect.

YOUNG DARBY (*another antagonist*).—Why, you know, Mr. Galant, it is really awfully plucky our standing up against you at all!

MR. GALANT (*who does not see much sport ahead for himself*).—Well, then, we'll get to work. Will you ladies cut for the deal?

MRS. BLAND (*cutting an ace*).—Oh, dear, low deals, and I've the very highest card in the pack!

MR. GALANT.—The deal is yours; ace is low in the deal cut.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, yes, I remember now. How stupid of me!

MR. GALANT (*involuntarily*).—Don't mention it!

MRS. BLAND (*looking at her cards*).—Fancy my dealing such a hand to myself! Mr. Galant, I hope I have treated you better.

MR. GALANT (*dryly*).—Thanks.

MISS FICHU.—Have I got to lead? I do so hate to do that.

YOUNG DARBY (*encouragingly*).—If you'll lead any one of three suits I'll agree to take it.

MRS. BLAND.—But beware how you lead the fourth, for that I shall win.

MR. GALANT (*musings to himself*).—Three aces on my left and one in my partner's hand. This is whist.

MRS. BLAND (*later in the same hand*).—Well, there's the queen, too. I like to use a suit up while it's fresh.

MISS FICHU.—So do I; it is so easy to remember about it then.

YOUNG DARBY (*trumping the trick*).—Your queen is doomed, though, Mrs. Bland.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, Mr. Darby, that isn't polite at all. Now, that I think of it, you played the knave on my king, didn't you?

MR. GALANT (*faintly*).—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, how stupid of me! I might have known.

MR. GALANT (*at the end of the hand*).—You had good trump cards, Mrs. Bland. I presume you did not notice my trump signal?

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, I had forgotten all about that. I must watch next time!

MISS FICHU.—Oh, is it my lead again? Let me see—"when in doubt lead trumps."

YOUNG DARBY (*approvingly*).—A very good play, Miss Fichu.

MRS. BLAND.—But the trick is ours with my ace. Now, (*fingering a card*), you led me something, Mr. Galant. What in the world was it?

MR. GALANT (*whose misgivings have become certainties*).—I can hardly tell you that, you know.

MRS. BLAND.—Of course not. How unfortunate that I do not recall it, though; it was a heart or a diamond.

MISS FICHU (*facetiously*).—Lead both.

MRS. BLAND.—I wish I might. I'll follow your example, and solve my doubt in trumps.

YOUNG DARBY.—How charming of you, Mrs. Bland; I was so hoping you might.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, Mr. Darby, did you want it?

MR. DARBY.—Above all things. Didn't you hear me applaud Miss Fichu's trump lead.

MRS. BLAND.—Of course you did. How very stupid!

MR. DARBY (*complacently leading his cards with a jerk*).—I believe the trumps are all out. And my spades are good. Can you take this—or this—or this—oh, I miscounted. Mr. Galant has the last spade.

MRS. BLAND (*eagerly*).—Oh, what does that do?

MR. GALANT (*dryly*).—It gives them four instead of five.

MRS. BLAND (*quite relieved*).—Oh, you have saved the day, Mr. Galant!

MISS FICHU.—And we have won the game, with two to spare.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, is that really so?

* * *

MISS FICHU (*on YOUNG DARBY'S arm later, promenading the rooms*).—We have been playing whist with Mr. Galant. Do ask us who won four games out of five; we're too modest to proffer the information.

* * *

(*At a summer resort the following season.*)

MISS PARACHUTE (*to waiting friends*).—Oh, dear; I felt sure Mr. Galant could make a fourth hand at our game of whist, and I just begged him to do so; but he says he doesn't know one card from another!



A COACHING TRIP.

A Crumpled Rose-Leaf.

MISS POMPON.—Oh, I do feel that I owe Mr. Tandem such an apology.

YOUNG MR. F. (*her companion*).—Why, my dear Miss Pompon, you quite surprise me!

MISS POMPON.—Oh, but it is *such* a blow!

MR. F.—What, pray? I am positively alarmed!

MISS POMPON.—Why, I fancied Mr. Tandem's coach had a dark-green body.

MR. F.—Oh, and the bright red does not please you so well?

MISS POMPON.—Oh, it is not that—but don't you see? I have arranged my costume in Charles X. pink!

* * *

Box Seat Brilliancy.

MISS GUSHINGTON (*who goes in for fascinating ignorance*).—Oh, how charming this is! Fancy owning such a coach and such lovely horses, too!

MR. TANDEM.—Yes; one needs the horses, for a fact.

MISS GUSHINGTON.—Oh, yes—and they are such beauties, too—I just love these bays next to us!

MR. T.—You mean the wheelers—they're chestnuts, though—

MISS G.—Oh, are they? I *never* can tell the difference; and, oh, are they off or nigh?

MR. T.—Why, one, you know, is off, and the other nigh.

MISS G.—Why, of course! I *am* so wretchedly stupid.

MR. T.—Oh, don't mention it!

MISS G.—Oh, but I am—and do tell me which is the off horse!

MR. T. (*pointing*).—This one.

MISS G.—Is it, really? How very interesting!

MR. T.—Oh, not at all!

MISS G.—But it is, you know—and that, of course, is the nigh one.

MR. T.—Naturally.

MISS G.—Oh, yes—and why, please?

MR. T. (*feebly brilliant*).—Oh, possibly, because he's further from the whip!

MISS G.—How very odd!

MR. T.—Yes; it is odd.

MISS G.—Oh, extremely odd!

MR. T.—Yes.

MISS G.—And you are the whip?

MR. T.—Oh, come now, really, Miss Gushington!

MISS G.—Oh, I know you are. I have always heard you were *such* a whip!

* * *

On the Roof.

MISS TILBURY (*one of the other sort*).—I've been watching the off leader, Mr. Cropper, and I'm quite sure he interferes with his left hind-hoof.

MR. C. (*admiringly*).—Now, do you know I should never have discovered that?

MISS T.—Shouldn't you, really? I noticed it at once. He's a fine beast otherwise.

MR. C.—Yes, he goes well with his fellow.

MISS T.—Oh, they're matched to a hair!

MR. C.—Yes, of course.

MISS T.—Do you bag, Mr. Cropper?

MR. C. (*who is not of the hunting set*).—Well, no, hardly—that is, not much, you know.

MISS T.—You ought—it's such sport.

MR. C.—Oh, yes, quite.

MISS T.—Oh, thorough. I ride with the Criss-cross club.

MR. C.—Do you, really?

MISS T.—Yes; I am trying a new mare now for the next meet.

MR. C.—Is it so!

MISS T.—Yes; I do her across country every day when I am at home.

MR. C.—How do you find her?

MISS T.—Oh, fairish—a poor jumper, though.

MR. C.—Ah, that's rather bad.

MISS T.—Oh, very bad. How many bars do you take?

MR. C.—Well—er—really, you know, I go out so seldom, still—three.

MISS T.—Three! Why, I take five and a barbed wire.

MR. C. (*gasping*).—You don't say so!

* * *

Real Pleasure of Coaching.

MRS. MARRIED-BELLE.—How charming the day has turned out!

MR. BLASÉ.—Ya'as.

MRS. M.—I quite trembled for my toilet this morning.

MR. B.—Ya'as, it was rather threatening.

MRS. M.—And one has to coach, you know, rain or shine.

MR. B.—Oh, ya'as, indeed. That's the sport.

MRS. M.—Oh, do you think so?

MR. B.—Oh, ya'as, indeed. That's all I coach for.

MRS. M.—What, the rain?

MR. B.—No; because you have to go in any weather.

MRS. M.—How odd to like that!

MR. B.—Oh, ya'as; it's like a dinner, you know.

MRS. M.—I don't altogether follow.

MR. B.—Oh, if you accept you must go.

MRS. M.—Ah!

MR. B.—And you must be on time.

MRS. M.—Now I see.

MR. B.—Ya'as; gives a zest, you know.

MRS. M.—Then, I suppose, you only coach and dine?

MR. B.—That's about all.

MRS. M.—You might try running for a railway train.

MR. B.—Oh, too fatiguing and quite too common!



IN THE COUNTRY.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, Mr. Curtis, what a lovely, dewy morning!

FARMER CURTIS.—Yes; them slippers of yours will ketch it.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Why, the grass is quite wet. Whatever makes the grass wet, now?

FARMER CURTIS.—Why, the dew, to be sure.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, but you know the dew falls at night.

FARMER CURTIS.—Yes; it stays fallen, too, till the sun dries it off next day.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, now, really! But how clear and limpid the air is—like new wine.

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm. Did you ever happen to see new wine?

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Really, now—I am not positive that I ever have.

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm. Well, it's about the muddiest looking stuff you ever came across.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Is it, now, really? You have a lovely farm here!

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm. Pretty fair for a side-hill lay.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—And look, there comes an ideal yeoman.

FARMER CURTIS.—Oh, no; he's one of the hands.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—So stalwart and graceful!

FARMER CURTIS.—That young feller can mow a wider swath than any man I ever had—

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, I am sure of it—a perfect Hercules!

FARMER CURTIS.—Yes; an' drink more beer than any three I ever had.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, what an iconoclast you are, Mr. Curtis.

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm—p'rhaps so.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, but you are, you know. Fancy that young Apollo drinking beer!

FARMER CURTIS.—That's just what he can do, every time.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, there are the cows—where are they going?

FARMER CURTIS.—To be milked.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, may I go and see them?

FARMER CURTIS.—Oh, yes; go right along.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—And here comes the milkmaid. Oh, I am so glad she is a milkmaid and not a milkman!

FARMER CURTIS.—She couldn't very well be that.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—I feel positively grateful to you, Mr. Curtis. It is all so delightfully rural and effective—the gentle cows, the fresh, young milkmaid—oh, if she will only carry the milk-pails on her head, it will simply be a picture!

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm, Elmiry'll hardly do that.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—I am so sorry. There is something very calm and soothing about a cow, I think; don't you, Mr. Curtis?

FARMER CURTIS.—I don't know as it ever struck me—

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—That one now being milked stands placidly chewing her cud, content and philosophical.

FARMER CURTIS.—Hold on, Elmiry—There goes a good ten quarts!

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, Mr. Curtis, the milkmaid—

FARMER CURTIS.—She ain't hurt, She got out of the way. She knows Brindle through and through.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—But, Mr. Curtis—another shattered idol; she's cross-eyed, and forty, at least.

FARMER CURTIS.—Brindle?

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Milkmaid.

FARMER CURTIS.—Nearer fifty; but she's mighty useful. Brindle cuts up that caper about once a week. I'll beef her next winter. That's a fine young heifer yonder.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, yes, lovely! You mean the one with dark spots?

FARMER CURTIS.—Yes.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—And a heifer, I suppose, is a—a—he-cow?

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm. Well, no, not exactly.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, where are those men going?

FARMER CURTIS.—Out in the fields to mow.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, are they? How lovely! Do they sing?

FARMER CURTIS.—Not that I know of.

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, I fancy they do! In the opera, you know, the mowers' chorus is so lovely!

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm—I guess they don't sing it out of the opera!

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, and what is it they mow?

FARMER CURTIS.—Grass!

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, is it now? I fancied it was hay!

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm—it isn't hay till its mowed and dried!

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, yes, I know! I have a bunch of dried grasses at home now!

FARMER CURTIS.—Yes?

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Oh, do promise me that I shall have a ride on a hay-mow?

FARMER CURTIS.—H'm—you shall have a ride!

MISS FEATHEREDGE.—Thanks, awfully—it will be such an interesting experience! I think I'll go in now, my feet are really quite damp!

FARMER CURTIS (*watching her go*).—H'm, damp! They're soaked! White dress, bronze slippers, and silk stockings, for walking over a farm before breakfast! H'm!



THE FIRST BALL.

("White parasols and elephants mad with pride.")

IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

MARIGOLD (*fille, rich and scrawny*).—Oh, Mama, all the other débutantes are here!

MARIGOLD (*mère*).—Of course, my dear!

MARIGOLD (*fille*).—But, Mama, they are all *décolletées*!

MARIGOLD (*mère*).—Assuredly. Fifi knew better than that for you.

MARIGOLD (*fille*).—And such lovely necks and dimpled arms!

MARIGOLD (*mère, sententiously*).—My dear, New York society men may admire and dance with plump shoulders; but they marry—

MARIGOLD (*fille*).—What, Mama?

MARIGOLD (*mère*).—Plump pocket-books, like your dear Papa's. And now we will go down.

FEMININE AMENITIES.

MISS FOURTHSEASON (*girlishly*).—Oh, do you know I came *sans chaperon* to-night!

MRS. MARRIEDFLIRT (*her friend*).—Did you, indeed?

MISS FOURTHSEASON.—Yes, Mama was taken suddenly ill, and Aunt Griselda is out of town; so I just brought my maid and came.

MRS. MARRIEDFLIRT.—You were awfully brave. If it were not absurd, considering you are quite my senior in years, I would offer to—

MISS FOURTHSEASON (*equal to the occasion*).—Thanks, awfully! You are looked upon as so very little married, you know, *chérie*, the slight protection really would not signify.

IN THE SALON.

MR. BLASÉ (*to hostess*).—Could not resist one of your balls, Mrs. Daffodil. The memory of that of last season still lingers so fragrantly, (*sotto voce, passing on*), and so does the flavor of that inimitable champagne punch. Now to avoid the women and get a comfortable stand near the supper room. It ought to be open very soon.

ON THE FLOOR.

MRS. WALLFLOWER (*to eldest daughter*).—Now, Ellen, that valse is over. Do stand up and look as if you had been dancing.

ELLEN.—But there is not a man this side the room!

MRS. WALLFLOWER.—Never mind—put your cloak across my lap and be talking to me—your partner can have just left.

FRANCES (*second daughter*).—Oh, Mama, Jimmie Trevor is looking this way.

MRS. WALLFLOWER (*expectantly*).—Bow to him—oh, not so cordially—where is my lorgnette? I can give him a stony gaze that will bring him.

FRANCES.—He was glad to stay a fortnight at Stormcliffe last summer.

MRS. WALLFLOWER.—Of course, my dear! Stormcliffe fed and lodged him—all take, you know, and no give—now, to come over means a dance with each of you.

ELLEN.—Well, he's not coming. He's joined the Ellsworths!

MRS. WALLFLOWER (*sinking back disconsolately*).—Oh, then, I give him up. How that woman can push and angle for men as she does astonishes me!

FRANCES.—There are four there, now, with May and Eleanor.

MRS. WALLFLOWER.—It is positively ill-bred.

FRANCES (*in a low aside to her sister*).—I believe I'd like to be vulgar a little while, Nell.

IN THE SMOKING ROOM.

GUS (*between puffs*).—Well, the show has begun again.

JACK.—Ya-as. (*Puff.*)

GUS.—Same old crowd.

JACK.—Ya-as—a little the worse for summer wear.

GUS.—Some rather pretty girls among the buds.

JACK.—Don't go much on buds, myself. (*Puff.*) They're too enthusiastic!

GUS.—That's so!

JACK.—Takes a girl about two seasons to learn to let a man alone.

GUS.—Then add two seasons, and, gad, how she can hang on!

JACK.—She doesn't hang on to me.

GUS.—Fairish supper downstairs.

JACK.—Oh, ya-as. Daffodil's spread is good enough.

GUS.—The old man is off, as usual.

JACK.—Oh, ya-as. Rank old pahty, that!

GUS.—The Madam asked me to dahnce with somebody—I did n't see who—

JACK.—Of course you did n't!

GUS.—Of course not! I never dahnce.

JACK.—I nearly got run down to take a girl out to suppah.

GUS.—You don't say so!

JACK.—Ya-as. It's getting to be an awful tax on a man to show anywhere, nowadays.

GUS.—We'll be asked to talk next.

JACK.—Gad, it looks like it!

IN MRS. DAFFODIL'S DRESSING ROOM, 3 A.M.

MR. DAFFODIL.—Well, m' dear, your ball was-h great s-su-skess.

MRS. DAFFODIL (*coldly*).—I should hope it was more of a success than you were.

MR. DAFFODIL.—Why, m' dear, how can you shay sho? I was inde-f-fatble.

MRS. DAFFODIL.—Yes, at the champagne.

MR. DAFFODIL.—Well, you know, m' dear, in my c'pacity as host—

MRS. DAFFODIL.—You rather overtaxed your capacity as a man. Never mind (*wearily*), we won't discuss the matter further. The ball *was* a success, for I had two English Lords and an Honorable Miss, and the supper was perfect, or Sidney Blasé would n't have gone down three times. But oh, what a dreadful bore the whole thing was, and how glad I am to be through with it for the season.



IN AN ART GALLERY.

MR. CLUBMAN (*who knows all about it*).—This Verboeckhoven is simply atrocious!

MR. KNOBSTICK (*who wishes he did know all about it*).—It does seem rather-er-well, really, not quite up to the mark, you know.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Why, it is vile, my dear fellow; positively vile. The veriest tyro in art ought to see that!

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Oh, yes, indeed!

MR. CLUBMAN.—Now, this little canvas is not so bad!

MR. KNOBSTICK.—So very natural, you know.

MR. CLUBMAN (*patronizingly*).—Natural, my dear boy, but not nature.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Oh, possibly, possibly!

MR. CLUBMAN.—You never really saw grass and sky look like that grass and sky.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Now that you speak of it, I am not sure that I have, you know.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Of course you haven't; the picture has delicacy and finish, but fidelity to nature—Bah!

MR. KNOBSTICK.—I quite agree with you. This is a rather odd bit.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Very odd! the lights, though, are managed very well—yes, really, very well.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—It quite takes my fancy.

MR. CLUBMAN.—Oh, it is a very faulty canvas otherwise—full of glaring errors.

MR. KNOBSTICK.—Oh, here is a Gêrôme!

MR. CLUBMAN.—Yes, not at his best; a fairish composition only. I tell you, my dear boy, the majority of paintings are overrated—there is nothing in them.

* * *

MISS FACETIOUS.—What's this?—"After the Ball!" She looks as if she were sorry she went.

YOUNG MR. FUNNYMAN (*her escort*).—Oh, no; she's sorry she came home so soon.

MISS FACETIOUS.—What an uncomfortable attitude—and she's rumpling her dress awfully!

YOUNG MR. FUNNYMAN.—Oh, well, she doesn't mind that, you know; it's the end of the season.

MISS FACETIOUS.—Here's "A Misty Morning in Rome!"

YOUNG MR. FUNNYMAN.—I call that a regular London fog.

MISS FACETIOUS.—Yes, indeed! Do let us go on; it will take the curl out of my feathers.

* * *

MISS PENELOPE (*a young woman with catalogue and magnifying glass "doing" the collection*).—Look at the detail of that woman's dress. Isn't it wonderful?

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Wonderful!

MISS PENELOPE (*after a few moments' absorbing contemplation*).—Kæmerer paints deliciously!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Exquisitely!

MISS PENELOPE.—Will you look at this perspective—the depth of it?—why, it is superb!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Oh, isn't it?

MISS PENELOPE.—Marvelous! marvelous!! The picture as a whole, though, lacks sentiment.

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Yes, I think so.

MISS PENELOPE (*pettishly*).—Look at those stupid people standing so close to that Fortuny!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Such ignorance!

MISS PENELOPE.—Why, it's a perfect daub near by!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Of course!

MISS PENELOPE.—Oh, here's another Bierstadt!

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—Oh, yes; how very fine!

MISS PENELOPE.—Ye-es; but his pictures are so very similar—all painted from the same recipe.

ADMIRING FEMALE FRIEND.—That may be so.

* * *

MRS. HOPELESS (*before a Detaille*).—This is quite pretty, Mabel; a sort of battle-scene, isn't it?

MABEL (*her daughter*).—It seems to be, Mama.

MRS. HOPELESS.—Who did it?

MABEL (*reading name on frame*).—It's some unpronounceable name—French, I think, Mama.

MRS. HOPELESS.—Oh, never mind, my dear. I really don't care. I don't like so many figures in a picture, anyhow; it's too confusing.

* * *

FIRST ARTIST (*who manufactures pictures by the dozen for dealers*).—Good gracious, man; look at those flesh tints!

SECOND ARTIST (*who does the same*).—Frightful—mixed with putty, I should say!

FIRST ARTIST.—Horrible, horrible! I can't see how a painter can let such work leave his easel.

SECOND ARTIST.—Nor I. But the so-called great artist is not apt to be the conscientious one.

FIRST ARTIST.—True, indeed! This Troyon here lacks detail.

SECOND ARTIST.—Oh, yes—and breadth!

FIRST ARTIST.—Do look at the gaping crowd before that huge canvas over there!

SECOND ARTIST.—I see. That's what discourages true art—the utter want of discrimination in the public.

FIRST ARTIST.—Oh, give it size and color and it is satisfied.

SECOND ARTIST.—Look at this landscape—the critics laud it to the skies.

FIRST ARTIST.—Where it ought to be—it is a mass of faults.

SECOND ARTIST.—A wretched composition throughout.

FIRST ARTIST.—And here—this outrageous chaos of color.

SECOND ARTIST.—My dear fellow, that was intended to hang in an unlighted gallery.

FIRST ARTIST.—Altogether a miserable collection.

SECOND ARTIST.—Yes—let's go; why didn't the fellow, with his money, buy something worth showing?



John G. Thompson

LES MISÉRABLES.

YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Why, Jeannette, I thought you were still abroad !
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I was until I sailed a fortnight ago.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—What brought you home ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I really don't know.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—There's absolutely nothing in New York.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—There was nothing in London or Paris, and we
 spent last winter in the Riviera.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—What is one to do ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I really don't know.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—There are no new fashions in dinners or gowns.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I've been presented, and I've owned a Japanese
 spaniel at least a month.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—And I had a white and gold room last season.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I brought home an Indian Ayah for the chil-
 dren.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Do you find her interesting ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Rather picturesque, you know ! The children are
 afraid of her.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Are they, indeed ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes ; I have a French *bonne* besides.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I had a Chinese page at Newport this summer.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes ; did you bring him to New York ?
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Oh, no, indeed ! why, I had him two months !
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—So long as that ?
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes ; I suppose the children are well ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, yes ; I believe so, I saw them at dessert last
 night.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—You know Fido died last summer ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—How sad !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes ; I had three doctors.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—What was the trouble ?
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Some heart affection, I think. The doctors sug-
 gested he might have eaten something that disagreed with him.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Physicians are so unsympathetic. Why, Babette
 had an *attaque de nerfs* the other day, and Dr. Blunt called it fits.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—So distressing !
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes ; I shall never employ him again.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—We buried Fido on the ocean lawn.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—My poor Arabella !

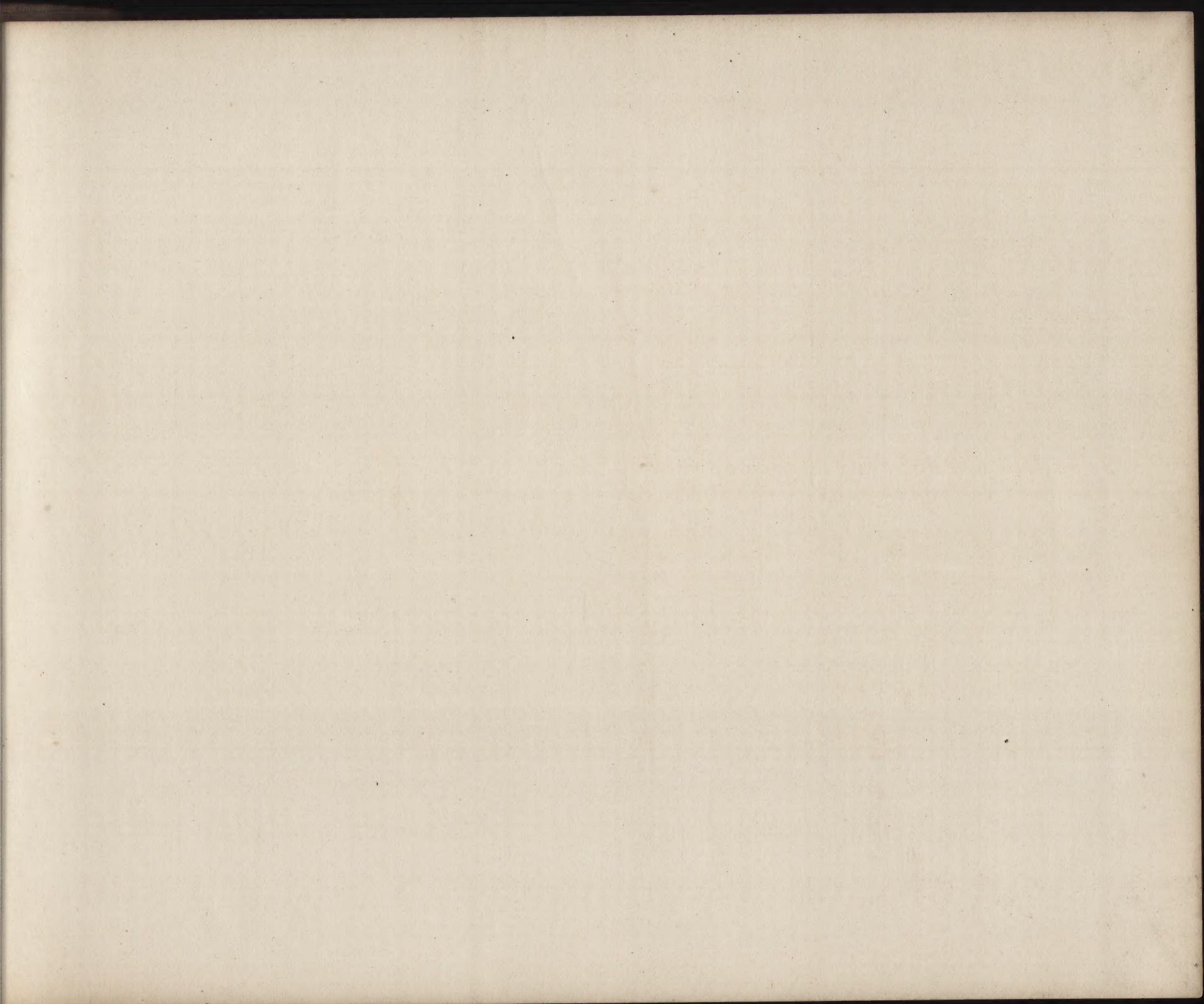
YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes ; I sent lovely mourning cards to all his little
 dog friends.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—How sweet !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—They were very unique. We draped his basket
 in white ; black seemed so sombre for the dear little fellow.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Of course !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—And I had a fac-simile of his head cut in onyx for
 a seal, and used it in lavender wax on all my letters for a fortnight. Poor
 little Fido !
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, that was really touching !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—It was all very interesting.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, it must have been ! If Babette should die I
 should use pale-blue wax ; her skin is so pink the combination would be
 quite Frenchy !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes, indeed !
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I think I must go now. Where do you show to-
 night ?
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I really don't know. My maid keeps my tablets
 to lay out the gowns.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Well, I shall be there, I presume.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes ; it would be a boon not to be asked some-
 where.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I'm positively desperate for a new emotion.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I think seriously of putting a marble-top table in
 my boudoir.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—That would be startling. What can I do ?
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—You might use gilt-edged visiting cards.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—I believe I will. Fancy being actually harrowed !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I have not asked after Mr. Blasé.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—He is *en voyage* ; the steamer must be due now.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—He did not come with you, then ?
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, dear, no. We should have bored one another
 to death !
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—I know. I met Mr. Ennui out one night last
 week, and he proposed a trip to California by special car.
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—It would have been horribly tiresome.
 YOUNG MRS. ENNUI.—Yes, indeed ! I said : "Why, Harold, I should
 have to see you every day for a whole week !"
 YOUNG MRS. BLASÉ.—Oh, it is all so very fatiguing !











C

SPECIAL
91-B
28734

